

POPPING OFF

Over a period of years I have often been approached (and the word approached is an understatement) on the subject of life insurance. I have also been bombarded in magazines, on radio, and on television with the suggestion that I should guard the futures of my dependents with the security of certain riches in the event of my death. I have consistently resisted this bludgeoning.

Recently the attack has been so concentrated that I have tried to analyze my reluctance, and I think I have discovered in myself an answer which might well have serious implications in relation to the survival quotient of the American male.

My discovery arose from a study of the tendency in American businessmen to die quickly after retirement. It can be argued that they retire because of a sense of termination, but this I believe will not hold water in cases of automatic retirement at a certain age. It is true that some men can survive retirement, but their numbers are small compared to those who cannot. The answer to this is of course to be found in the inability of most humans to tolerate complete and imposed idleness. A man can be idle if there is something he should be doing, but every doctor knows that to order a patient to do nothing is to arouse latent and increasing rebellion. It seems to me that when survival ceases to have a purpose, some great part of life force disappears. Your retired man, having in himself no valid reason to be alive, soon ceases to be. He cannot combat diseases which could not kill him during his active or productive life.

In the matter of life insurance, I believe the danger is much greater. It ceases to be negative and becomes a positive threat to life. Let us consider an hypothetical me—as an example. I have reached a certain age where my productiveness may be considered to be on the wane. I have children, a wife, a wife's mother, two delinquent cousins, and two faithful servants to support, and I have had away little or no money. Neither is my life insured. For the good of this community, it is necessary that I be not only alive, but functioning. For the sake of my dear dependents, I can't afford to die, and so everything in me will fight to stay alive. I am needed—and more than needed. I am irreplaceable. No one, I think, has

isolated "will to live," but it exists, and the medical profession constantly takes it into consideration.

Under such circumstances, I believe that I am able to resist troubles and illnesses which would lay me out if such responsibilities did not exist for me. The human animal has an enormous resistance to pressure. This is clearly indicated in times of war and/or catastrophe.

Now let us take another fictional me. Over the years I have increased my estate or my life insurance until I find myself at the age of sixty with, let us say, a million dollars on my life. My dependents have their futures safe-guarded in every direction in which it is possible to protect them—the educations of my children, the safety of my faithful servants. My wife is guaranteed her weekly visit to the hairdresser, no matter how long she may survive me. The dues at the Country Club cannot possibly fall in arrears. The horrible possibility that kin of mine cannot have the newest model automobile with the longest, highest tail-fins is out of the question.

Now whatever my business or profession, it is perhaps inevitable that I am not as productive as I once was, or if I am, maybe it seems to me either that I am slipping or that I am nearing a time when I will slip. Perhaps my income has fallen off a little. At this age also the little pains of muscles, the stomachach, the shortness of breath, which at twenty would not cause concern, at sixty are analyzed as symptoms of decay and dissolution. A pocket of gas becomes a herald of a heart attack, a headache from mixing whisky and wine in the same evening is sifted for tumor. Pains in the shoulders from shovelling snow, with soft muscles, becomes arthritis. At the same time it seems harder to go to work, to concentrate. It has always been hard, but we forget that.

Now all of these things have set me up for a failing income. When that comes, I am a sitting duck. I look at my wife who can't go to Europe this summer, or my children robbed of new convertibles because papa didn't make it last year after taxes. And this is ridiculous because I am a very rich man, but only if I am dead. Suddenly it has become economically unsound for me to be alive. It may not be in the eyes of the heirs, but I would not be human if I did not find it there sooner or

later. What has happened is that society in terms of my little family group would be better off if I were not alive.

Many primitive peoples in all ages have eliminated the old or ineffective. It is rarely necessary to kill them. Usually they are sent away with a little food and water, and rarely do they eat or drink it all. Since society had decreed them dead, they die—quickly and painlessly—simply because it is expected of them. A man will do nearly anything that is expected of him if the demand is great enough. He will accomplish the unbelievable physically and mentally if his world demands it. He will also die if that is the will of his socio-time pattern.

To sum up—I believe that large life insurance could well be a sentence of death to a man who feels age growing on him. There have been many murders committed for insurance, some discovered, and many more subtly carried out that have never turned up. There have been suicides, sometimes cleverly concealed as accidents for the sake of insurance, but I believe that by far the greatest number of heavily insured men simply die because it is expected of them. Expecting it of themselves, the fight to live atrophies and death occurs from causes insignificant.

If I am uninsured my family is vitally interested in my living. I must turn out the work, the pressures are on me to survive. I can't afford to die. I ignore the pains and sorrows. The prayers of the living are for the living. This is the way it should be. In my case this is the way it is going to be.

When a man is murdered, one of the first police questions is: Is he insured and for how much and who is the beneficiary. It might be valid in a doctor, faced with a patient from whom the life principle seems to be withdrawn, to ask the same question.

I realize, of course, that my own case is a little unusual. The best insurance I can leave is a long list of copyrights. Therefore it is to the advantage of my heirs and dependents to keep me alive and well and working. This is a happy state of affairs. Indeed I seem to feel about me a genuine interest in my survival and that is a happy state of affairs for all of us.

And now I guess I'd better run for my life.





"Is your \$7.37 offer still open?"

A NEW LOOK AT AMERICA'S
FOREMOST CAVALIER OF THE CANVAS.

BY CHARLES RAYBURN

"Last November we one to pass a certain art gallery on upper Madison Avenue he would have been attracted by either a large or perhaps small group of people gazing at the portrait of a nude that hung upon one of the walls inside. This writer was one of those thus attracted and thenceforth approached a rather large gathering, there on a sunny afternoon, and wormed his way to the window pane. My impressions of the throng were, that here were office workers and simply people interested in art and perhaps the bohemian life of the stragglers in the art world of today. There were several bearded chaps, another wearing a bowler and smoking a long-stemmed pipe, two girls appeared as if they might be Sarah Lawrence students, a man who might be a Czechoslovakian embassy attaché was among the lookers-on, and there was another who looked like he might be a Polish weight-lifter, and a woman with an upsweep hair-do and harlequin glasses.

But now I gazed at the object of their affections and found it to be a portrait rather charmingly conceived yet in a rather conventional sort of way. That is, there was nothing really new in subject or treatment. None the less, the colors and arrangements were pleasing—a rounded, sensual girl of some twenty years of age, looking not wholly unlike herself, seated or reclining on a small divan. One would have said that the artist himself was enamored of the delicate colors and seductive pose, so adroitly were the arms and torso and thighs warmly and yet conservatively hinted at—the conservatism if not the adroitness of perhaps another age. As I stood there I began to feel a sense of something exotic, physically stirring.

And so I came to meet Jon De Ruth and upon strengthening the friendship, to understand something of the character and the views of this "Cavalier of the Canvas."

A determined chap and a diplomat with a flair for things social, since o

THE PAINTER AND THE NUDE



flair for such things may be described as a matter of diplomacy—this elegant, bearded gentleman painter cannot be remote from anything which smacks of social show or gaiety. Here's why. "A work of art," says De Ruth, "in the very first place must be considered as a piece of merchandise and it must be merchandised to its best advantage. The moment I finish a painting it becomes a commodity." As Mr. De Ruth credits much of his success to the fact that he is perhaps, a much better salesman than most artists, he really enjoys the challenge and the art of selling his products for he considers the last act in the execution of a painting to be, not a brush stroke, but the hammer stroke that nails the canvas to somebody's wall. Hence, his flair for things social means that he moves about amongst his potential clients because he enjoys them and the going from social graces.

De Ruth loves the challenge of our times also—the degree of success, where it is not enough to paint, to paint well and perchance after years of labor find critical praise, that only may find space in an obituary column. "Although much of our lives is chance, yet much is in our hands," he says. "Opportunities will only repeat themselves and multiply, if one does not shun the pressure that comes with every new challenge."

Born in Czechoslovakia in 1922 Jan De Ruth is still a young man and extremely prolific with palette and brush. Gifted with a natural dexterity and a sharp eye for the factual it took only a few short years before he succeeded in mastering all there is to be known in matters of painting techniques. The best of his work has to be viewed in the original to savor the beauty of surface and brushwork. This combined with an appealing color, lends great distinction to his portrait, as well as to his figure studies."

Jan De Ruth, while accomplishing almost everything in portraiture, is noted mainly for his nudes which have established him as one of the outstanding artists of our time. And it is on the subject of nudes that we now addressed ourselves to Mr. De Ruth.

"Where do you get the inspiration for a nude," we asked.

"I don't really think there is such an







animal," he replied. "Anyway, nothing that will sustain itself through a working day. To wait for inspiration is to retire at an early age." And continuing, "That spark of emotional response called inspiration that sometimes burns brightly will dim very quickly, if it is not supported by a knowledge of one's craft and a routine application to one's profession. That beautiful girl that one so often meets at midnight has a way of turning quite ugly as dawn starts to break. The daily routine of living with all its imperfections must be the perpetual self-renewing "inspiration." "Complacency will bring creative death," he added thoughtfully. And back

on the subject of his merchandise, his product, De Ruth reminded us that there is, incidentally, nothing less inspiring than a studio full of unsold paintings!

Getting right down to the bare facts De Ruth, failing to understand the naivete of those people who feel that a nude in a museum is "less nude" than one in someone's bedroom, makes it irrevocably clear that the human form everywhere, of all things in Nature, has always been and still is the object of man's strongest and most intimate interest. Says he, "A woman's naked body is the one thing in the visible world with everlasting interest for the intelligent male." And he added, "It is true that

some painters have become so obsessed with one particular woman that they have painted her in the nude over and over again." And here he drew a parallel to Rubens and his model Helen Fourment, George Romney and Lady Hamilton, Renoir and his Gabrielle. "As for myself," says De Ruth, "my inspiration comes from a variety of women, many of whom have that perfect balance of the parts within the whole that a nude figure has, and that a portrait should have as well."

To this writer's inexperienced eye, De Ruth's nudes are done in a new and most arresting manner. It has been said that you may not have seen a man or



woman or a landscape such as Cezanne shows in his canvases, but after seeing them you can never forget them. I would not be willing to admit the truth of this but in the home of collector Edwin Sheldon which houses some nineteen of De Ruth's nudes, I saw many things which were not unknown to these. No mere savory impasse here, no conservative and so traditional modulation of tones. Each portrait rich, glowing, direct, resonant, and my goodness, the daring, the force, the raw reds, greens, blues,

and the pearly firmness of the flesh in each figure, and each a remarkable contrast.

"The painting of a nude," said De Ruth, "is probably the most difficult of all the aspects of painting, good taste being the primary requisite. The margin between vulgarity and aesthetics can be a very narrow one. Only the most subtle treatment of line, shape and color will avoid such hazards." But, to the prim and tight-lipped critics who condemn artists who paint the nude,

De Ruth quietly reminds them that it is the denial of nudity that enhances sex appeal, not nudity itself. "I do my best to cater to human tastes," says De Ruth, "and I think the female nude with the reflections of her face and the echoes of her form is the most intriguing object in the world."

Jon De Ruth was brought up in Europe or in "overage Europeon." It was not until he decided to become a painter that he saw the inside of a museum. Today he spends at least one day a week of New York's Metropolitan Museum. "No other Museum houses so much selected art treasures anywhere," he said.

In the early stages of his career De Ruth found the commercial aspects of his profession repugnant to him. "I still have to remind myself that to haggle about the price of a painting is by far less humiliating than to accept charity, whatever its form may be. Besides, a man with an empty stomach will hardly find solace in the voluptuousness of a rather well-fed Reubens nude." De Ruth to date, has had 24 one-man shows throughout the country and currently is knee-deep in his 25th and 26th in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Commerciality versus Art Jon De Ruth, as we have seen, harbors no delusions about the commercial aspects of his chosen field anymore. "Art will only flourish when a market exists," says this gentleman artist. "That the market exists is only proof of the place where art is appreciated most. Only after the necessities of living have been acquired can man turn to art. In a flourishing economy as we know it, the buying of art is a natural conclusion. If it were not so, why do so many European artists come to America?" To be of value, we thought, as he spoke, art must be commercial. And our thinking reminded us, that when one wants money he must go to the bank!

But again, and finally to the nude. Our last query of artist Jon De Ruth: "What about the squeamishness some people have regarding the nude?"

And his answer was an absolute classic:

"The notion of the semi-puritan, that a nude 'belongs' in the bedroom, seems quite obscene to me."

Jon De Ruth, we salute you!



A SAMPLING OF RARE PRINTS



CAVALCADE

FEBRUARY 1940 VOL. 10 NO. 1 PGC

Interview with a Cell Girl

Report on the Warren Report

by Zsa Zsa Gabor, Wm. Buckley,
Steve Allen, John Wayne, Sammy
Davis, Jack Benny and others

Articles & Pictures:

James Jones John Steinbeck

and The Goldfinger Hedes



from the Curtis-Bullock Collection







*Soon to be published in book form
is a selection of seventeenth and
eighteenth century prints
from the private collection of
Mr. Desmond Curtis-Bullock,
octogenarian, millionaire and art
connoisseur. The prints reproduced
on these pages are only a
sample of the more than
one hundred prints to appear in the
forthcoming publication.
The total number of prints in the
entire collection is more than
ten thousand.*

*For some years the art world
has known of this collection, they
also knew that it was closed,
namely, not open to public view,
nor available for reproduction.*

*Why the collection is now
being exposed to the public is best
explained in Mr. Curtis-Bullock's
own words. In a recent interview
he said, "For sixty years I've
been watching the works of
some of the world's finest artists
and draftsmen gather dust
on the shelves of museum
print rooms while everyone
is gawking at Picasso, Matisse
and company. While my classmates
were out buying the impressionists
I was searching for obscure prints.*

*At that age I enjoyed a certain
snug superiority in being the sole
possessor of the only existing print
of Fragonard's *Le Reve*. Now
that I'm getting along in years*

*I have lost some of my
cockiness and possessiveness. I now
want to share my pleasures
with anyone who wants to look
past the trash that
is being foisted off as art today.
Before the reaper kills my plate*

*I intend to have my whole
collection open to public view—of
course, some of the prints
will have to be "for adults only!"*

*Cavalcade takes pride
in being the first to offer to its
readers this small segment of the
Curtis-Bullock collection.*



GERBERG'S

FROM A SOCIAL WORKER'S NOTEBOOK



"Sure, buddy... you're just here to get an interview.
Sure! And I'm here to borrow a cup of sugar and a cookbook!"



"Please, Miss — now will you answer a few questions?"



"What? You want to interview Me? Oh, no you don't.
You get another girl if you want anything fancy."

"Sure, I'll answer your questions—just so long as
I remain anonymous!"

QUIET VALLEY
REST HOME

"He's an 'occupational hazard' case."

by Norman Wilner

REPORT ON THE WARREN REPORT

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.: "...it is theoretically possible that the Commission suppressed evidence that would have inconvenienced its thesis: that the two killings were the work of two independent psychotics. But such evidence has not been uncovered." The Commission simply reports what apparently happened—not why it happened—and does so with an authoritarian thoroughness. The Commission absolved the Soviet Union from any complicity in this assassination, but did not do so by adducing any latent purity in the Soviet soul. Finally, there remains the idiot fringe who will not be satisfied until a commission comes along that proves Kennedy was struck down by General Walker while H.L. Hunt was passing him the ammunition."

PROFESSOR REVIVO OLIVER: "Kennedy was murdered by Oswald acting under orders of either the Soviet Union or the CIA. I am not sure which, but after all the difference is only a bookkeeping one." **ZSA ZSA GABOR**: "Dahlink, most of my European friends are suspicious of the Warren Report. They say Americans are so naive, it must have been a plot. They cannot conceive of so many coincidences happening all at once. Jack Ruby shooting Oswald before he even had a chance to testify, things like that. I went to a U.N. cocktail party and I was talking to a Spanish diplomat. He said it was a Communist plot. Five minutes later I am talking to a Russian official and he is absolutely convinced it was a Rightist plot. Who is to say? I, personally, having lived in the United States for so many years, I know how open and aboveboard Americans are, so I say the Warren Report was the whole truth and nothing but the truth." **JACK E. LEONARD**: "I've known Jack Ruby for years so I don't wanna get mixed up in any of that jazz. I'm a comedian. What am I supposed to do, make jokes about a serious thing like this? Nope, no comment." **BETTY FURNESS**: "I haven't read the Warren Report, so I'm not qualified to offer an opinion. Matter of fact, I'm doing a sort of conversation piece act with the audience of the Strollers Club and I find people are loathe to talk about the Warren Report."

STEVE ALLEN: "People in show business are not supposed to concern themselves with politics on the ground that it will endanger their careers, but I think this is morally and indefensibly wrong. I read the report carefully and thoroughly and although I am far from a detective, it seemed to me that what the Report stated was absolutely true. It was all a tragic coincidence. There was no deep, dark plot as far as I am concerned." **ORSON BEAN**: "It was certainly a thorough report. There's no question in

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my mind that Warren is probably the most honorable man in America. Certainly, there are lingering doubts in my mind, but I have to go on the basis of what I read in the report. I live with doubts as part and parcel of my own suspicious nature; they're probably the result of some lack within myself. It's like a guy who finds out his wife doesn't love him any more. He's absolutely convinced she must be in love with another man and then he discovers she's just sick of him, that's all. It's as simple

ISSUE!

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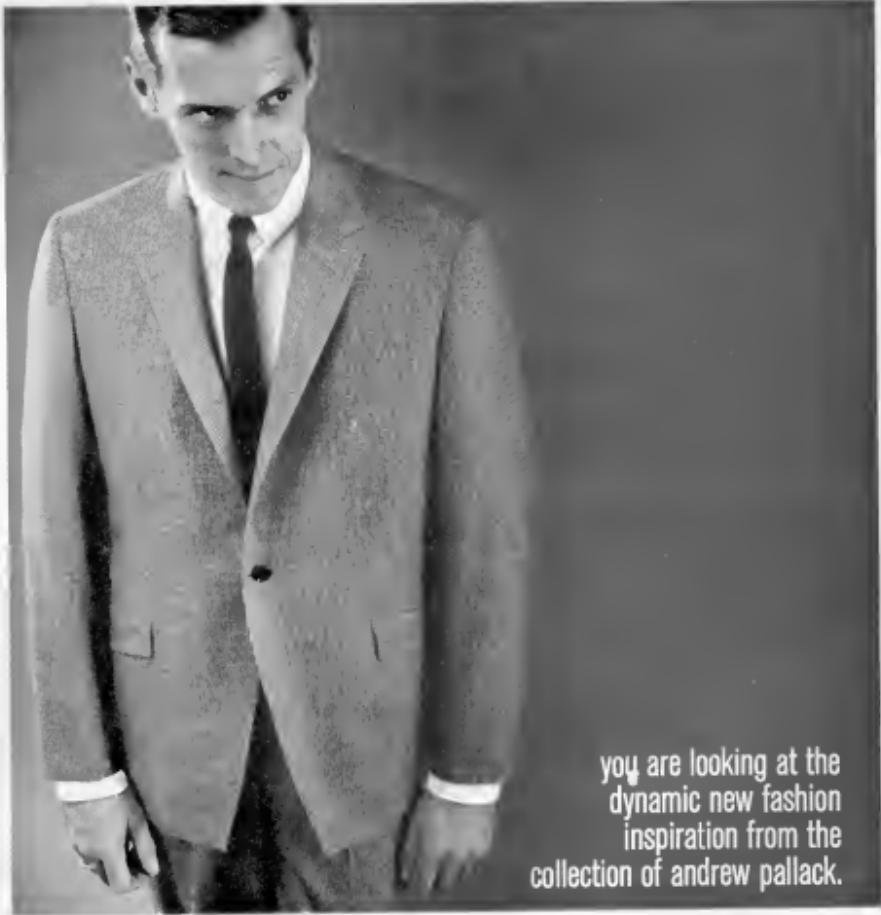
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and senseless as that. People are suspicious of simplicity. Suspicion is something that hovers over all of us. I just came back from two weeks in Washington and I felt President Kennedy's presence everywhere. I still can't believe it." **MILT KAMEN:** "I heard Mark Lane on the radio and I don't trust him. Of course there were a lot of discrepancies but, if there is anything in the Warren Report that has not come out, I don't think it would be anything that would shake us. The Report brought back to me that we lost somebody important. I got the feeling of being personally useless and here was somebody useful to society. I mean, what am I after all? A clown, a buffoon. This wasn't just another Joe. He brought another kind of atmosphere, a new feeling, a feeling of potential hope to the American people. For a while after he was elected, there was no more of that feeling of dark brooding, people fell more human to each other because of President Kennedy. Even though, I want you to understand, I was not worshipper of Kennedy. I haven't read the Laski book which made him out to be almost some kind of political monster, but friends told me about the book. Somebody in the limelight means literally the light is upon him. Certainly, JFK had imperfections (as we all do), only you see every pore exposed to this pitiless light. It's so easy to cut up a man, particularly a man in high position. I understand the book portrayed JFK as an opportunist and hungry for power. Well, I'm glad he was ambitious and an opportunist because it was for me and millions of other Americans that this great drive was working for. Laski showed more about himself than about JFK in writing the kind of book he did. I'll tell you something. I wouldn't want to see Laski as President up there. They do that sort of thing with people in show business, too. This pervert business in the White House, we're all responsible. Maybe we'll drive the poor guy to suicide. We're all responsible for the assassination. We're all responsible for the ills of society. There's a sickness in all of us because we overlook, we don't bother with other people. We are not our brother's keeper. President Kennedy's assassination was a ridiculous waste of an important human life. We have to get on with the spirit of JFK, not dissect every morbid aspect of his tragic death." **XAVIER CUGAT:** "Thee country has been very good to me. Eat has enable me to become a millionaire several times over so I am very grateful to the United States. But there are too many loopholes in the evidence as far as I am concern. I have no facts to guide me, only my instinct, but I think eat was a plot. I cannot prove it. I have only my nose to guide me, but I have a very sensitive nose, señor." **MARKLANE:** "I have been retained by Lee Oswald's mother to represent her before the Warren Commission. They maintained, however, that Oswald was not entitled to representation because he was not on trial, he had already been convicted. Now, it seems to me that the Warren Commission is hardly a cross section of America and, in fact, it is not very well known abroad. The right to cross examine the evidence was totally obliterated and this caused great dissatisfaction and suspicion abroad. Oswald was assumed guilty in the absence of a trial. The American people failed to get the facts. The Warren Report is the prosecution's case and a very good case it is, but where is the defense case? The accused had a right to be heard. For example, how was it possible for the rifle to have fired accurately with three perfect hits? Even in the hands of experts, this is im-

possible. Page 193 of the Report told about a test conducted by three of the best marksmen in the country. They fired at three still, not moving, targets. They fired at a silhouette of the entire body, not just the head and they missed 5 out of 18 shots. Three witnesses testified it was impossible for Oswald to have carried a rifle into the building without them seeing it. Many important witnesses were not called. Need I say more?" **ALEXANDER KING:** "The whole thing is too idiotic, anyways. I loathe politics categorically. It is the last refuge of the bumbling inept. I must admit, however, President Kennedy was one of the few Presidents with wit and verve and élan. Most important of all, as far as I am selfishly concerned, he was a patron of the arts. Not just a patron, I have reason to believe he was *genuinely* interested in the arts. The poor, dear man was assassinated—of that I am convinced. But it's over and done with. Let's not keep belaboring the issue over and over again." **JOHN WAYNE:** "My reaction? Hell, anybody in his right mind knows it was a Communist plot." **GEORGE JESSEL:** "When Jack Ruby shot Oswald in front of millions of TV viewers, I thought, 'Oh oh, now everybody'll say it was some kind of Jewish plot.' I say thank God for the Warren Report, which at least cleared the air and laid the guilt of this monstrous crime on Oswald's shoulders." **DUKE ELLINGTON:** "This is a delicate area to explore, one which I would rather not get into. I will say this, however. I have had the pleasure of meeting Chief Justice Warren on occasion. He is a fine gentleman and a credit to the Supreme Court. I refuse to believe he would permit any whitewash of President Kennedy's assassination." **JACK PAAR:** "The Warren Report was the truth as far as I'm concerned, but I'm sure you'll end up misquoting me. Why should you be any different?" **SAMMY DAVIS, JR.:** "Chief Justice Warren and all of the other gentlemen on the Commission are solid, reputable citizens with no axe to grind, so I see no reason to doubt the truth of the Warren Report. All I can think of very sadly, very mournfully, is that the American Negro lost one of his best friends, one of his champions when President Kennedy was assassinated." **OSCAR LEVANT:** "Why do you bother me with this nonsense? I think the whole country needs psychiatric treatment with all this morbid interest in JFK's assassination. The continual rehashing, it's like those Clairol advertisements—Did He Or Didn't He? I assure you there won't be this much fuss when someone assassinates me. And it'll probably be my wife. I don't want you to get the impression that I'm trying to joke about it, because it knocked me, like every other American, for a loop. In other words, I believe the Warren Report. Now let's try to forget it." **JACK BENNY:** "If you don't mind, I would really rather not get mixed up in this. I'm a pretty sentimental guy and I cried like a baby the day the President was shot. It was a terrible, terrible thing. Then when I read the Warren Report, it brought back that horrible day all over again and I started to cry again." **DICK GREGORY:** "As I read the Warren Report, I couldn't help thinking suppose it had been a Negro who had committed this monstrous crime? The whole white world would have been down on us. What do you expect from those dumb, ignorant niggers? They're all murderers and criminals," that would have been the general reaction. But do we Negroes say that because Oswald killed the President, that's typical of white men? We got more sense than that."



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Fly Girl

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AS IN SO MANY SCHOOLS-FOR-THE-RICH, ONE OF THE COURSES OFFERED IS IN AVIATION. TRACY REGISTERED FOR THIS COURSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST SEMESTER, AND HOPES TO HAVE HER FLYING LICENSE BY THE TIME SHE GRADUATES. IF SHE DOES EARN HER LICENSE, SHE ALREADY KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS FOR A GRADUATION PRESENT.

WHEN ON THE GROUND, TRACY LIKES FAST CARS AND SLOW MEN, MEN SHE CAN RELAX AND TALK TO WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT WHAT HIS NEXT MOVE WILL BE, NOT THAT SHE HAS ANYTHING AGAINST ROMANCE. AT NINETEEN SHE DOESN'T EVEN



HAVE A STEADY BEAU. AS TRACY PUTS IT, "I'M STILL YOUNG AND WANT TO FIND OUT





A LITTLE MORE ABOUT LIFE BEFORE I TACKLE SUCH AN IMPORTANT THING AS MARRIAGE.





RIGHT NOW MY GREAT AMBITION IS TO FLY MY OWN PLANE AROUND THE WORLD — SOLO."



ILLICIT INTERLUDE

by PAUL BOURGET ADAPTED BY LAWRENCE MADDEN

Alfred Chazel had lighted upon one of his old companions, and was communicating to him a long-cherished idea of a new algebra, and Helen Chazel, assailed by the effusiveness of the Malhouse ladies, was telling herself that it had been scarcely worth while to take such trouble about her dress. Thanks to the education received from her stepmother, and also her talks with Monsieur de Querne, she had acquired tolerably accurate ideas concerning Society. She understood the distinction that separates true assemblies of the world from middle-class carnivals such as the one at which she was now present. Nevertheless, as she was charming in her pale blue and bright pink ball costume and could read the triumph of her beauty in the envious glances of many women, and the admiring gaze of the men, she gave herself up to that sensation of success which so intoxicates feminine pride, even when it is a success that is despised; and she proceeded to dance every dance that she might exhaust her emotions by physical activity, and she desisted only to visit the refreshment room and drink a little champagne. The wine sent a giddy little wave of light and sparkling froth to her head that was so wearied by excessive thought.

She was standing thus beside the table in the refreshment room, fanning herself with one hand and holding in the other the fragile glass whose last golden drops gave her a vaguely pleasant enervation, when her partner, an insignificant but

sufficiently correct young man, was trying to talk; he was speaking of the play at the Rialto, a middle-class comedy which Helen, on an old lover's authority, had always considered detestable. At the mere mention of the actors' names and the title of the play, she could see herself in the box beside Armand—that voice?—no, but the voice of Monsieur de Varades. So now even that upstart officer was here, almost within two steps of her, and talking without appearing to see her?

Had she thought for a moment she would have found the presence of old Malhouse's former pupil as natural as her own. Was she not at this ball as the wife of an old fellow student of De Varades? She would also have reflected that living for months and months, as she had done, apart from her husband's society, she was ignorant of the movements of Alfred's friends. But in her present state of morbid excitement, this sudden meeting swept her with a secret grief, that grief which makes one long to cry out at injustice as one cries *Fire!* and *Murder!*

Without paying any further attention to what her partner was saying, she looked with devouring curiosity at De Varades. He was a handsome fellow, slenderly built, and muscular all over. The contrast in color between his hair, which had become nearly white, and his moustache, which remained very dark, gave a singular aspect to his well shaped head. A low forehead, a hooked nose, eyes that were somewhat too small and close together,

and a flashing glance, in which bravery and temerity could alike be read, caused his profile to be vaguely suggestive of a bird of prey. The officer's evening coat, which he wore with the stiffness of a uniform, was all that was further required to single him out in an assembly dominated by the wearied race of men from desk and study. Since the audacious attempt at Bourges, Helen had never seen this disquieting individual coming towards her without feeling dimly uncomfortable. But now, a prey to a maddening perverseness, she would have liked him to approach her, to pay her attentions as he did formerly.

Yes, to pay her attentions, and she would not be childish and silly as she had been before. She had been a loyal wife, and what good had this done her? It had merely brought her to a point where nothing in the world remained to her save an incurable wound in the most sensitive portion of her heart. She drank a few more drops of champagne in order to relieve her thought, and De Varades, from whom she had not taken her eyes, turned in her direction. Did he see her for the first time, or had he perhaps affected not to notice her? He bowed and came to greet her, with the expression at once ironical, respectful, and freezing, with which he used to accost her at Bourges; and instead of replying to it as she did then, she had a smile on her lips. She held out her hand to him, and after the first polite formulas, immediately asked:

"Are you passing through Paris?"

"No, madame, I am living here," he replied. "I was appointed professor at the School of War four months ago."

"Four months, and you have not come to see us?" she said in a coquettishly reproachful tone of voice.

"No, but I heard about you," replied the young man, and to himself: "How Paris has changed her!" He detested her deeply, first because she had wounded his pride, and then because he felt guilty of having boasted of having been her lover, giving detailed proof; it was not true and he could not forgive her for the irreparable wrong that he had done her. Ah! if only the calumny had not been of the kind which passes from ear to ear and from lip to lip until it reaches a man who might have loved this woman, and whose heart is stayed, suddenly paralyzed by the terrible uncertainty concerning the answer to the question: "Has she that in her past?"

To the young officer's credit, it must be said that he had not seen so far. He had yielded to that hideous spite of masculine vanity, and it was again this vanity which, upon Helen's unexpected reception of him, prompted him to murmur an interrogative "Eh?" and to begin the love comedy which had already once been played. A waltz was sounding—the waltz of *Faust*, for the second of the young Malhouse ladies was at the piano, and she, the artist of the family, liked people to dance to classical measures, whereas the eldest and the youngest, who prided themselves upon being regular Parisians, doted on popular music, and airs

from the operettas and musical cafes.

"May I have the honor of this waltz, madame?" asked De Varades of Helen.

"Was I engaged or was I not?" said the latter. "So much the worse! I restore you your liberty," she added, addressing the young man who had accompanied her to the refreshment room, but who through timidity did not dare remind her of the promise she had given to dance with him; and immediately she was whirling around the ballroom in the arms of De Varades.

She was whirling round, prettier than ever with the feverish pink that colored her cheeks and imparted to them a tint similar to that of her stockings, her skirt, and her corsage. The beauty patch at the corner of her cheek, her black eyes, and her powdered hair, clothed her with a serenity and grace that, apart from feelings of pride, stirred old longings in the young man's heart. He was speaking to her while they danced. She listened to him and kept Armand's nude image in her mind. "If he knew what I was thinking," she said to herself, "he would have doubts no longer, he would triumph. Well! what does it matter to me?"

This strange desire to act contrary to her nature pleased her and she listened with a smile to what De Varades said to her. The latter, clever enough to discern that something extraordinary was going on in Madame Chazel's mind, and too desirous of requital not to take advantage of the opportunity, had again begun to speak to her of his feelings. In passionate terms he depicted his despair at Bourges when he had displeased her, his vain attempts at self-justification, his resolve never to marry but to live in memory of her; he gave her to understand that she was the only woman he had ever loved, and that he had sought an appointment in Paris solely that he might meet her again. But to all these falsehoods, repeated over and over again during their first waltz, then in the square dances which followed, and then in the quietude of the cotillion which they danced together, she responded with slight interjections of doubt. She seemed to be delirious for coquetry; she spent upon this flirtation the fever that was preying upon her. Thus, a few hours later, when the officer had returned to his small apartment in the Rue Saint-Dominique—a suite of apartments of which only two were furnished, the others being filled with uniforms, weapons, and big boots—he laid his head upon his pillow before going to sleep, and resolved to possess Madame Chazel, no matter where, even though it were in her own drawing-room, at the risk of a servant's interruption. "And this time she shall not escape me," he thought to himself. "She told me she was always at home between two and four." And he closed his eyes on the sweet hope of repairing his former wrong.

Poor Helen! While this man, anticipating the temerity with which a frenzy for old grievances had inspired her, was falling asleep over his dangerous plan, she herself was lying awake and remembering her husband had been unlucky enough to say to her after the party at the Malhours', "I thought you had quite a dislike to

Varades, and you danced with scarcely anybody else."

"Does that make you jealous?" she had asked him abruptly.

"No," he had replied, "but how is it possible to change one's feelings toward people in this way?"

"I am what it pleases me to be," she replied.

She might at that moment have been forbidden to throw herself into the water, and in her rage at being told not do so, and to relieve her nerves, she would have hastened into the Seine.

"Yes," she now told herself, "I must have him and no other—for the time being," she added with that implacable imagining of ill which at certain moments relieves the heart, "and when I have done it, when I am lying in the dirt, then perhaps I shall forget, and then all this will be over."

She pictured her old lover, Armand to herself; she saw him with his eyes and his smile, she heard his voice. "Ah," she then exclaimed like a wounded nun, and stretched herself upon her bed.

In the morning she had an hour's heavy sleep, visited by nightmares. At about nine o'clock she rose to attend to household affairs, as was her habit, indolently and with her mind roaming elsewhere. Extreme fatigue and, as it were, a dying languor had taken hold of her. After breakfast she went up to her room again, and very shortly thereafter the servant entered and inquired whether she would see Monsieur de Varades. The officer had kept his word, and had not lost a day in taking advantage of her permission to come and see her.

"Show him into the drawing-room," she said; suddenly the memory of Armand's deserting her returned, keener than before, and the sorrow which she had been feeling turned into one of those rushes of frenzy during which she no longer really knew what she was doing. She went into her dressing-room, and with a little water she removed the traces of tears, for she used to weep almost without perceiving it, and mad, as it were, through grief, she went down to the little drawing-room.

"How kind of you to come and keep me company!" she said, holding out her hand to the young man. She made him sit down in the armchair in front of her, the one in which Armand used generally to sit. How he had lied to her while sitting in that chair! How he had misunderstood her! It seemed to her that she was taking revenge upon him by this profanation of their common memories. She herself took a seat on the couch which stood obliquely against the fireplace, in which the remnant of a fire was burning. She looked at De Varades with eyes that did not see him, but he, as he began to talk, watched her with much attention. The wildness which she displayed, the almost incoherent rapidity of her speech, the element of nervelessness that was manifested in her laughter, in her gestures, in the movements of her head—all evidenced a woman that was half beside herself.

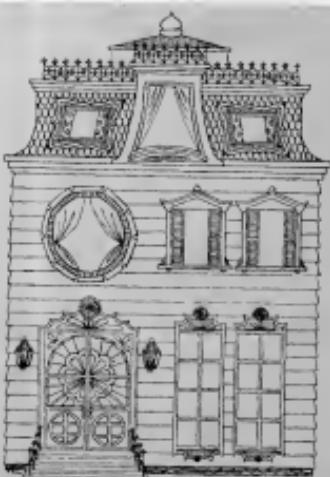
The evening before at the Malhours' ball, De Varades had explained her coquetry to himself: "She wants to make some one jealous." But he had not seen any one about her wearing the countenance of a wounded lover. In the twilight in the little drawing-room he said to himself: "Tis she who is jealous and wishes to be revenged." Insensibly he caused the conversation to glide down the same path as on the previous evening; he spoke to her again of his despairing and melancholy feelings. She listened to him almost without reply, with the thought of the indignation that Armand would feel after all, if he could see her at that moment. De Varades meanwhile was reasoning thus to himself:

"What do I risk? Being shown the door again as I was at Bourges?"

He made up his mind to take advantage of the disquiet which, as he could see, possessed her, and he rose and seated himself on the couch by her side, saying to her:

"Ah! I loved you dearly!"

She turned towards him with an expression which he took for a frenzy of spite, and he seized her in his arms. To what extent did her frenzy for degradation, that desire for her own ruin, enter into her weakness? The fact remains that she did not defend herself against the young man's embrace. He grew more bold, and she was completely his. Yes, in that very drawing-room where she had formerly shrunk in horror from giving herself to her lover she suffered herself to be taken by a man she did not love, and the latter was stupefied both by the ease of his victory and by the corpse-like insensibility encountered in this unlooked-for mistress, of whom he had not even been thinking twenty-four hours before.



CAVALCADE

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W. R. Atkins, EDITOR

Raymond Bodine, GRAPHIC DESIGNER Alex Austin, BOOK EDITOR
Judith Switzer, JAZZ EDITOR



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Cavalcade presents

Far-Out Fables

"The story of Cindy Eller"

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN THE FARAWAY KINGDOM OF HOLLYWOOD, THERE LIVED A MR AND MRS ELLER AND THEIR THREE DAUGHTERS...

I'M WENDY!

I'M MANDY!

I'M CINDY!

1957

ONE DAY THERE WAS EXCITING NEWS
BIGAMOUNT PICTURES IS HOLDING
A TALENT COMPETITION TONIGHT!

LET'S
GET
READY!

CAN
I GO?

WHAT'RE YOU-SOME
KIND OF NUT? WHO
DO YOU THINK YOU
ARE - JAYNE
MANSFIELD?

DON'T YOU
REMEMBER THE
FAIRY TALE?
BACK TO THE
SCULLERY!

NOWADAYS,
WE CALL IT A
KITCHEN!

SO CINDY ELLER WAS LEFT BEHIND
WHILE HER BIG SISTERS WENT OFF
TO THE MOVIE LOT...

WHAT I NEED
IS A NEW
AGENT!



SUDDENLY HER FAIRY GODMOTHER
APPEARED...

I HATE THESE
COSTUME
PARTS!

WHERE DID
YOU COME
FROM??

CENTRAL CASTING, SWEETIE! I'M
GONNA HELP YOU GET TO THAT
TALENT COMPETITION!

BUT HOW? I
HAVEN'T GOT A
PRETTY OUTFIT
TO WEAR!

MY "JIFFY-KEEN" PLASTIC MAGIC
WAND (MODEL B) TAKES CARE OF
EVERYTHING! IT'S ALL IN OUR
CONTRACT!



DRESSED IN HER NEW FINERY, CINDY ELLER HURRIED TO THE BIGAMOUNT STUDIO...



ALL OF A SUDDEN THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE, AND BEING A NON-UNION MEMBER, CINDY HAD TO RUSH HOME...



SOON THE GREAT TALENT HUNT BEGAN...



AT LAST THEY CAME TO THE ELLER'S HOUSE... AND WHEN CINDY TRIED ON THE GARMENT, IT WAS JUST RIGHT!



SO CINDY ELLER WENT OFF TO MADISON AVENUE WHERE SHE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, PUTTING HER BIG TALENTS TO GOOD USE







CAVALCADE'S SWEDISH SWEETHEART OF THE MONTH



ENGA SWENSON











ENGA HAS LIVED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR OVER TWO YEARS AND LIKES IT HERE, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING—THE SNOW SEASON IS TOO SHORT. EVERY YEAR, WITH THE FIRST FLAKE OF SNOW, SHE HEADS FOR SKI COUNTRY. THIS YEAR CAVALCADE'S PHOTOGRAPHER, LEONARDO OF NEW YORK, FOLLOWED ENGA TO DAVOS SKI LODGE IN WOODRIDGE, NEW YORK. THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE PAGES DOCUMENT ENGA'S FIRST "SWEDISH HOLIDAY" IN THE SNOW THIS YEAR.

CAVALCADE'S FUN FORUM



Two five-year-old boys were hiking in the woods and came upon a fence with the words "Nudist Colony" painted on it. One of the boys peeked through a knot-hole and said, "There's a lot of naked people in there."

"Yah," said the other boy. "Are they men or women?"

"I don't know," replied the first boy. "They hain't got any clothes on."

Peter J. Sparks
Sioux City, Iowa

Girls interested in do-re-me often go fa.

Alan Gordon
New York City

In a primitive mountain town in Mexico a tourist noticed a native squatting lazily in the shade and asked him, "Could you tell me the exact time?"

The native yawned, reached up to his burro, standing in front of him, and lifted the animal's tail. "Senor," he announced. "Ees exactly 10:37 a.m." Then he promptly went back to sleep.

The tourist, intrigued, walked a few steps to the plaza at the end of the street, checked with the big clock on the cathedral tower, and found that the time was indeed 10:37.

Hours later, returning the same way, he saw that neither the native nor his burro had moved. Again he requested the time. Again the native lifted the little burro's tail, and politely droned, "Ees exactly 4:51 p.m." Again the cathedral clock proved he was right.

"This is amazing," marveled the tourist. "Would you mind telling me how you can tell the exact time by merely lifting that fool burro's tail?"

"Ees simple," the native assured him. "When I leeft the tail, I can see clock on cathedral tower."

Rory Bates
Phoenix, Ariz.

At the Miss America contest, the representatives of the states of Vermont and Louisiana met in the dressing room.

"We might as well face it," sighed the miss from Vermont. "Men are all alike."

The Louisiana belle smiled in agreement and murmured, "Men are all Ah like, too."

Steve Huthenthal
Chikamauga, Ga.

And then there was the new airline stewardess who gaily thought that the tall assembly was a crew party.

Gunner Radmunsson
Reykjavik, Iceland

A well-dressed out-of-towner was registering at a swanky Las Vegas hotel when a beautiful blonde suggested, "How would you like to take me out this evening?"

"How much?" asked the knowing stranger.

"Fifty bucks," she said.

"I'll give you five," he countered. The blonde walked off in a huff.

Later the stranger's wife appeared and he was escorting her across the lobby when the blonde once more came into view. A broad grin lit her face and she whispered in the man's ear, "See what you get for five dollars!"

John Engle
Sparta, Ill.

The curvaceous young lass stepped out of her shower in her hotel and found a window washer gazing ecstatically at her from his perch outside the bathroom. The girl was too stunned even to reach for the towel; she just stared and stared. Finally, the window washer broke the silence, whispering, "Whassamatter, lady? Ain't you never seen a window washer before?"

R.C. Calhoun
Winston-Salem, N.C.

A Miami weather forecaster offers what he calls the definitive reason why hurricanes are named after women. "Figure it out for yourself," he says. "They're hurricanes, no himacanes."

Ephram Donehue
Key West, Fla.





Huddleston

"Oh yeah. Now I remember."

Although it is unknown to most readers of such books as *The Tropic of Cancer* and *The Tropic of Capricorn*, Henry Miller is one of the finest travel writers we have ever had. His own favorite among his books is *The Colossus of Maroussi*, a book he wrote in 1940 about Greece. It is a richly evocative picture of that land where myth is still tangled up with the modern world in a living way, instead of on a couch or on a bookshelf. Now in *Greece* (Viking), Miller returns to this favorite land of his in a book beautifully illustrated with drawings by Anne Poor. He writes with a simple power thoroughly appropriate to this land where, as he says, "one almost feels as if the ruins themselves always existed. All is so timeless, so hallowed." This is not only first-rate Miller, it is one of the truly distinguished gift books of the year.

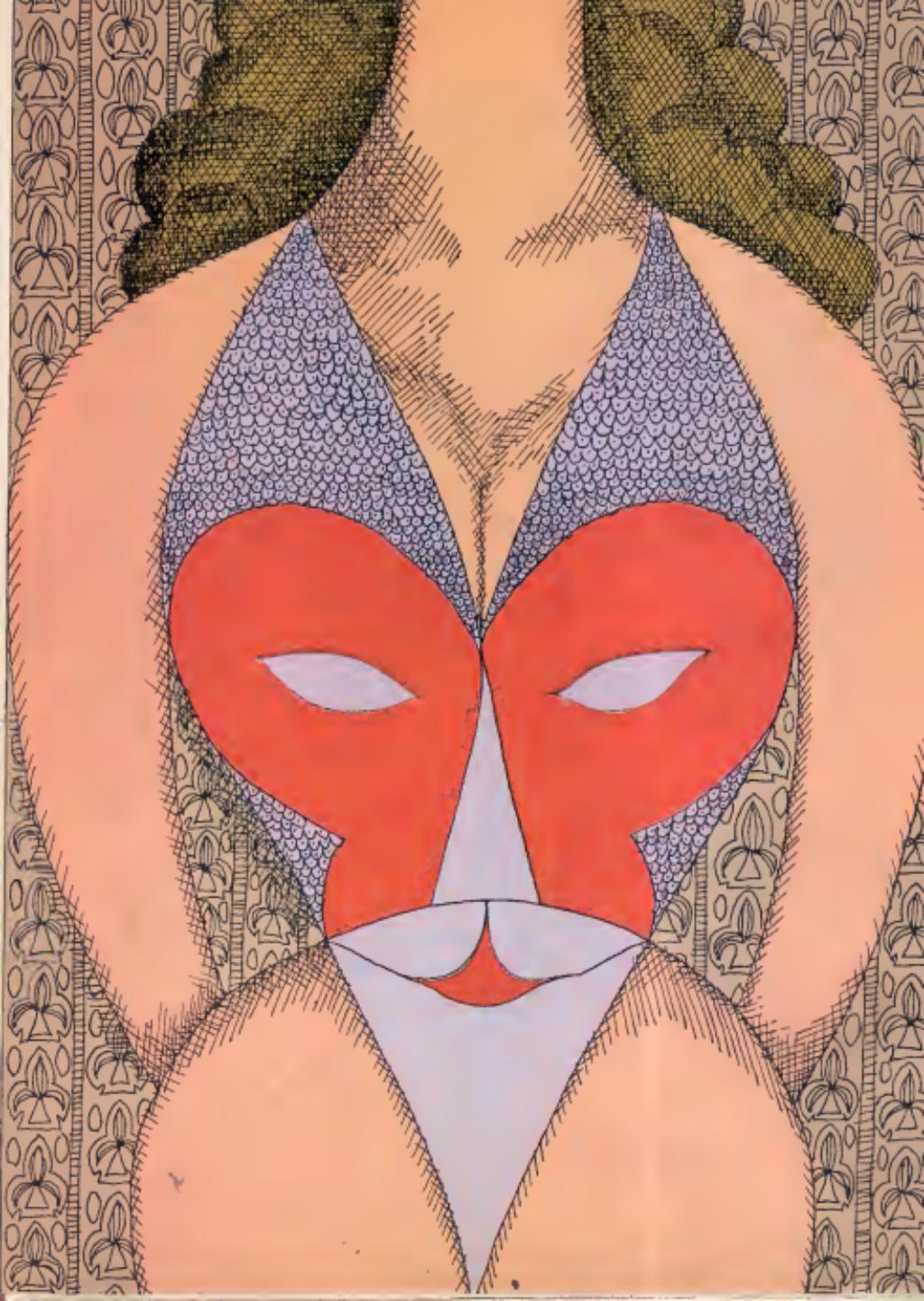
A Mother's Kisses (Simon & Schuster) by Bruce Jay Friedman, is easily one of the funniest books of our time. Friedman is one of the very few writers around with a voice that's completely his own and it is a voice always worth listening to. Here he has created a mother of such wild proportions, one suspects that had she been around in ancient Greece, poor Oedipus never would have gotten into all that trouble, or if he had, at least he would not have taken it so solemnly. Meg's task here is to get her son Joseph into a good college, even to follow him into his first classes and his fraternity house, passing out popsicles and dixie cups to all the boys on the way, chanting constantly in a language that's surely rich enough to deserve a nation all its own. A completely first-rate joy.

The stars are our next stop and any traveler worth his salt in the year 2000 will be heading not to Paris or Tahiti, but to Venus or some other celestial bistro in the neighborhood of the moon. *Planets for Man* (Random House), by Stephen H. Doile and Isaac Asimov, is a comprehensive and fascinating study of the problems that will have to be solved before man will be able to explore space. This book attempts to determine, among many other things, whether there are worlds in space where man can live or where human life may even now be flourishing.

The Collected Tales and Plays of Nikolai Gogol (Pantheon) is one of those books that is both the definite edition of a great writer's work and as rich a reading feast as we have seen in many a

Quick Cues

views / reviews / previews



year. Gogol was a wildly funny writer, that most rare brand of genius, like Cervantes, who could turn the loss and terror of this world inside-out to make us laugh even at the sight of our own hearts breaking. "Dark humour" today is highly in vogue; every other new novel had a picaresque hero roaming through a world that's seconds away from some sort of total annihilation or another. Gogol told this kind of story over a hundred years ago and no one since has told them any better.



Ken Kesey is a big, sprawling, thoroughly original writer whose work has natural roots in myth, which is to say, in the best kind of story-telling, the sort that children demand and adults can consider themselves lucky to get whenever they get it. *Sometimes a Great Notion* (Viking) is the story of a big man, not another of those belly-button-watching anti-heroes that dominate current

American fiction. Hank Stamper is big in a particularly American way—as Paul Bunyan was, or Thomas Wolfe. He returns with a pretty wife to his home in Oregon to boss his father's logging operation. There he must take his stand against the townspeople and against his bookish young half-brother Lee, who hates him because he once slept with Lee's mother. This is not only a fine, enjoyable novel—it is also a valid and needed statement that the old big American who could swing his weight freely across our land is far from dead. This is a book to make any man stand a little taller once he has finished it.

Alex Austin

The jazz musician who evolves a new style of music earns kudos and accolades, but also exposes himself to a double-edged attack. If he leaves his own discoveries behind and finds some new musical method more acceptable, he may find himself accused of inconsistency, changing with the times, or commercialism. If he sticks with what to him is the basic and only truth, may find himself spoken of as being in a rut, having lost his inventiveness, or of really having had nothing to say in the first place. There is probably no choice for him between these twin hazards; all he can do is keep going on with what is for him the right course, and let the validity of his music be the final arbiter of his case.

Benny Goodman is probably one of the foremost musicians to ever sense a trend and develop it to its fullest. Whether or not he actually started the style that came to be known as swing, he was certainly its greatest and most graceful exponent. Goodman had great taste in everything he touched; his big bands were never heavy, his small combos were supple; as clarinet soloist he started a whole new trend. His new album, *Hello Benny!* (Capitol ST 2157, \$4.98) has a little of all of this, and if a great deal of the sound is familiar, it's also welcome. He still has that fresh tone in his clarinet, his band arrangements are light and swinging; there is an overall happy feel. Self-styled hipsters may find it all too wholesome, but that's their loss. Goodman's approach to music has always been that music is good to listen to, that it has optimistic things to say, and, above all, it is comprehensible. The personnel reflect this straightforward approach. They are cued, of course, by the melody-happy Goodman clarinet and Goodman sense of swing. The inevitable "Girl From Ipanema" is taken in a piano solo by Pete Jolly,

who apparently operates on the theory that good music doesn't need fancy tinkering. The other soloists have this same unorthodox approach, and it's all refreshing and listenable.

Of a different musical persuasion, but with the same consistency of taste and style, is the ever-green Count Basie. Playing the piano, leading the band, or both, the Basie conception is obvious in every bar. If he's been going this way for years and years, there has to be a reason: people go on listening. It's just plain good music. Aptly titled indeed in his newest: *Basie Land* (Verve V6-8597, \$4.98) because here is familiar terrain, known and loved. Not the selections; they are original jazz compositions, giving Basie and his men plenty of room to get right in and make some heartfelt jazz. There are nice little solo spots all over the place, but the real treat in this album is what is has always been in a Basie aggregation, that of listening to the warmth and love Basie pours into his music and which obviously infects his musicians. Basie's love for jazz comes through anything he plays; he doesn't make it express personality, he expresses jazz for its own sake.



John Coltrane is perhaps one of the leading exponents of the school which says that a single melody has infinite permutations. He explores a composition endlessly, compelling the listener to come to the music, instead of reaching out to draw the listener in. Not everyone finds this musical experience to his liking; and though Coltrane is solidly ensconced in his own particular jazz niche, there is still a question in many minds as to the validity of his expression. That question aside, Coltrane's consistency and faithfulness to his own conception is unwavering. *Black Pearls* (Prestige 7316, \$4.98) despite the presence of some highly skilled accompaniment,

is all Coltrane. In this sense, it is pure; those who like the Coltrane music will find it here unalloyed. Those who don't ought to listen anyhow. Because, questions of musical taste aside, only time and repeated exposure will tell if Coltrane is the image-making Debussy of the jazz world, or whether his kicking over of the musical traces is a lost rebellion.

Miles Davis has come a long way since he started the musical world with his lyric trumpet. In his search for new dimensions, he has at times lost touch with that tenderness which was his own, and come up with a harsh, whacking drive. *Miles Davis in Europe* (Columbia CS 8953, \$4.98; CL 2183, \$3.98) finds him more relaxed, more able to compress the intensity within a controlled grace of phrasing. He's apparently more sure of himself. The touch is lighter even than it was in the early Prestige recordings, possibly because it was recorded at the Antibes International Jazz Festival, and a different setting might have put him in a different mood. There are times when Miles sounds as if he's never going to light anywhere, but just keep soaring off into the empyrean. What's odd is that, though it never sounds the same, he's able to coax all these flights out of one or two themes. His trumpet has a supple voice, never shrill, always tactful, but saying what it wants to say firmly and decisively. The small group with which he's working here are all good enough to keep up with him, and that's something. If Davis seemed stuck for a while in something that didn't quite belong to him, there's no doubt that he's moving again, in his own individual path.

It is too soon to say whether or not Freddie Hubbard will become a trail-blazer, but he's already opened up his own musical territory. He sounds like no one on earth but Freddie Hubbard. His trumpet playing is at the opposite end of the musical spectrum from Miles Davis'; enthusiastic, outspoken, big. It reaches out and grabs' the listener, the last note, the ultimate refraction of the note. There is, at the same time, a crystalline quality which lifts this concept out of mere extroversion into something else. Perhaps that something is the exclusive province of youth. Hubbard is young, and the men with him in his latest album, *Breaking Point* (Blue Note 4172, \$4.98) are young. It would be easy enough to dismiss their work as a mere outpouring of the raw energy of youth, because it certainly has that, but there is a very definite plus. That plus is a kind of sensitivity to musical dimension, to the depths and reaches within the instruments they are playing and the juxtaposition of what comes out of them. This isn't orchestration; it's a kind of intuitive understanding of capacities of an instrument to reach out to the other fellow's expression. It might be the human experience in musical microcosm; if no man is an island, neither is any musical expression. At least, that's what Hubbard sounds like now. Whether it branches and develops, whether this is a sufficient musical contribution for one man, only his own inner capacity will determine.

Miriam Benedict

NONE SING SO WILDLY

BY JAMES JONES

Sylvanus Merrick, a hard-drinking young author, has taken his fiancee Norma to the mountains for a week-end. Her very proper notions of marriage and his old way of life don't mix, and when Arky and Russ show up with their girl friends, Norma storms out, leaving Sylvanus to his drinking, his typewriter and his broads.

She came back Friday evening. He had taken the flyrod down to the South Lake, where they let him have a boat free since he had rented one on the big lake, and when he got back it was after dark and her car was sitting there in the clearing next to the road and the lights were on in the cabin in through the trees.

He did not go in for a while. She had left Thursday a week ago, so that he had had eight whole days to begin to get used to it. Now he did not know what to expect. His legs were quivery, as if he had been walking up hill. It was too much to expect that in one week she had changed, just like that. He expected a big accusation scene. But there was none.

She had the stove lit and coffee made and there was a cup sitting on the table where she could reach it while she made up the beds fresh with the clean sheets she had brought. She had also brought a bag this time, because it was standing just inside the door and he almost fell over it.

She had her hair up in a green scarf wrapped tightly like a turban around the small fragile head on the long slender neck. It was almost as if she had never been gone. He did not know what to say, how to start talking, but she took care of that too. She did not mention Arky or Russ or the trouble.

"What would you ever do without me to take care of you?" she smiled frowning, and walked

over to the door of the icebox. "Look what I brought you." She pulled out a center-cut T-bone at least an inch thick and held it up for him to admire.

"Stuff like that comes pretty scarce." It sounded hollow. He could feel himself still waiting for her to begin the big scene, and he could not stop waiting.

Nora shrugged and laughed merrily at him. "Well, I got paid today, didn't I? I would have had it already fixed for you to sit right down to when you came in, but I didn't know what time you'd be back."

"I didn't know you were coming," Sylvanus said. She offered no explanations. "Did you get any fish?"

"I didn't go after fish," he said, and held up the flyrod that he had forgotten to uncouple and put in the corner.

Norma laughed, merrily. "I don't think you were cut out for a fisherman, Van."

He began to stop waiting a little. "I guess not," he said. "How were your folks?"

"Just fine. They sent their regards."

When he heard that, he stopped waiting entirely. It seemed almost too good to be true. He had had himself all wound up to refusing to apologize, and now he felt ungrateful and guilty, thinking how it had been Norma who swallowed her pride and not him. Arky had been right all along about



women.

She went into the little kitchen alcove, smiling back out at him, to put the steak on. He stood in the doorway and watched the lithe pert way she moved. You had to admire courage like that. She cut off a piece of the fat and rubbed it lightly over the skillet and laid the steak down tenderly into its cradle. After she had both sides properly seared to her satisfaction she came over to where he was standing and kissed him lightly. Then he kissed her back, but not lightly. She had to squirm loose.

"Van," she said breathlessly. "Now you stop it. You want me to burn up this steak?"

"Not that steak," he said.

"Then you just better watch out."

"I'm not in much of a condition to exercise much control," he grinned.

Norma looked at him. Then she smiled. "My poor darling," she said. She patted his shoulder on the muscle up near his neck. "I was hoping you'd get back in time so we could go swimming after we ate." She smiled. "I wanted us to go swimming tonight."

"We can still go, if you want."

"Not now." She went to the window and looked out through the trees and across the lake to the high arc lights on the beach. She looked at her watch. "It's too late. They'll be closed by the time the steak gets itself cooked and eaten."

"Let the steak go then," he said. "Cook it later."

"You can't, after its already on. It would ruin it. And I want you to enjoy it. We'll go tomorrow. Oh, didn't you see? I brought a bag, so I could stay till Monday morning. We'll have plenty of time yet to swim."

"Sure we will," he said. "After next week we'll have nine whole days of it, all to ourselves. Just the two of us." "We will have, won't we?" she said. "Oh, and Van. I brought my new swim suit you bought me. You haven't even seen me in it yet, have you? I'll wear it tomorrow."

"Why not give me a preview?" he said. "Try it on for me now?"

Norma laughed sideways at him. "All right, I will. But not now. Later on. We've got to eat first. The steak ought to be done soon."

"Okay," he said. "But don't forget, that's a promise."

The steak was the best steak Sylvanus Merrick ever had eaten. The swim suit was fine, too. It was one of those terrycloth Stunners, by Cole. She had seen it advertised in *Life* magazine. He had ordered it from Marshall Field's by mail. It was the first one around here, and when she wore it next day on the beach it made a little sensation over there too.

"Look how everyone envies me my new swim suit," Norma whispered happily as he spread out the blanket. "They're all of them watching it."

He looked around. Guys all around them were giving her the camera eye, even some of the high school boys were putting their minds on it.

"Well, don't look, silly," Norma said, flushing. "The suit may be what the women are watching,"

he grinned. "That's not what the men are looking at."

Her face changed as he looked at it. "Oh now, Van," she smiled icily. "Don't start that again." She lay down on the blanket on her belly with her feet carefully toward the sun.

He lay down beside her. For a minute he thought she was making him pay for last night. Women did that, sometimes. She had done it before. But she was changed now, wasn't she?

"Don't start what?" he said.

"You know what," she said, her face still turned the other way, into the sun. "I don't need to tell you."

"No," he said. "No, I don't know. Start what? Tell me."

She turned her head then and looked at him. "Every man isn't as oversexed as you are, Van," she smiled gently. "I'm willing to accept you as you are, you don't have to excuse yourself to me by trying to prove all men are like you are. I won't stop loving you. I came back, didn't I? But you know all men don't look at women the way you do."

"They don't, hunh?" he said.

"No, of course not, they don't."

"Well, I could name plenty."

"All right," he grinned, "name one."

"All right," she smiled thinly. "My father. There."

She looked at him, her face condensed into this smile that was more like an exasperated frown. But already a light of triumph was beginning to shine through. It was in her eyes that she had taken an unfair advantage, and that she had him.

He made his eyes look away. He did not want to say anything about her father. Her father had the best car agency in Vincennes. He was a good solid Rotarian. He belonged to the Chamber of Commerce. Well, that was all right, if he wanted that. Sylvanus would not hold that against him, he still liked him. He liked him because in all the times he had run to Mr Fry down along the riverfront in Terre Haute and in some of the joints in Evansville Mr Fry had never asked him not to say he saw him. Mr Fry did not complain to anybody because he had to go away from home to get his sheep dipped properly, he did it with dignity, even when he was drunk. And for that he liked Mr Fry, even though he was sure at least half of the reason the Frys had tried to break up the marriage was because Mr Fry had run into him down on the riverfront.

But he could not explain all this to Mr Fry's 21-year-old daughter. And Mr Fry's 21-year-old daughter knew it.

"And I could name others," Norma said. Her smile was all triumph now. "Plenty of them, boys I used to go with in Vincennes, boys who respect women, only you wouldn't know them."

"No," he said. "I wouldn't know them."

"I'm sorry, Van," she said softly. "I didn't mean that."

"It's all right," he said. "Let's forget it. Let's swim."

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THE DEVIL IN FLESH

They did not talk very much during dinner the spoke to the waiter in Spanish. The American gesticulated with her hand and understood the language and he would not hear what she was saying and she would tell him that she was just making sure that everything was all right. "Sometimes they do not like Americans," she said.

"They get all their money from us."

"It comes to us and they go on." Then she stopped and smiled. "It is not the money," she told him.

The American responded eating. It was Mexican food and he did not like it, only the long soft thing or white dough that was not bad, it did not make his mouth burn. But he wanted to eat the native dishes, to try all of them and then driven the taste with good bacon from the States.

They did not say anything else until they were seated. He asked her if she wanted something to drink, like red wine. Three more all with pictures came over to their table and asked if they would like to hear a song. The one who spoke removed her large eyebrows and smiling showing a fine, very white set of teeth that seemed especially made for such smiles. The girl said something in Spanish and the musicians went on to the next table where there was the same smile again and an elderly American woman took a bill out of her purse and gave it to the man who had smiled.

He paid the check and then they got up and went outside and from the street they could hear the musicians sing a Spanish song that was very popular at the time. He asked her why she did not like Americans.

"I am not a Mexican," she told him.

I know. That's why I asked you.

A small boy came up to them holding papers. He was not more than sixteen years-old and both his eyes were badly crossed. He said "paper" as if it were the only word he knew. The man took a few coins and handed them to the boy, but he did not take a paper. The boy looked up at him holding the brown newspaper out in his small hand. Then he looked up at the woman. She smiled and took the paper from the boy and put it under her arm. They turned and ran back to a group of boys who were all standing together to advance with a bundle of brown newspaper, matching the hats and these ones would run out when someone was seen who looked as if he would buy a paper.

It is not all money," she said as they walked away.

"I can't read the paper," he said. "I wanted to give the kid something."

She smiled and took his arm, but there was a stiffness, an angry stiffness to her actions, as if he was not sure of something.

"All the time you think it is only money."

"Look here..."

No," she said. She looked up at him. "I do not

mean you. I have only known you for three hours—so at least? No, master. I could not know that much about you." Then she was silent and he did not want to speak. He looked down at her as they walked and he knew that in her black eyes was a deep pain hidden, but he could not understand what it was a kind of. In the hotel lobby, he had seen her sitting on one of the leather armchairs and he had asked her to have supper with him. There were other women in the lobby but none so beautiful as she was with her large black eyes and black hair loose around her shoulders and full black lips that closed with strength as if they were wet. He asked her and she said that she had just come to Mexico for a while. He said it would be all right and then that it was very important for her to see an American good looking. He was forty, gray after the Maples and with only a small bald spot on the back of his head. He told her he was an American doctor in a hospital. He was an advertising man in New York. He had always wanted to see a bull fight.

"I do not like them," she told him.

I thought it was a violent sport," he said.

"Perhaps."

"Is it the horses?"

"No," she laughed. "That is what your American friends say," she said. "They say it is the horses that make cowboys."

He confessed to having read it in a book. "There are other things," she said.

"Will you go to one with me?" he asked her.

"I do not go to the corridas," she said. "They are very loud to go up."

"It is not easy to see things alone," he watched her. The colored lights of street signs flashed their colors in his face and in the shadows which lay across the pavement. "I mean, it is no much easier to have someone along. Then after a short while I begin you don't mind my taking you," he added. "No," she said.

Then they walked at the street for a long time in silence passing the silent groups of boys and the prostitutes lined up along the curb waiting for the soldiers and sailors and all the other men who were alone. It was not yet dark which and the streets were beginning to change from day into night. The shops were giving way to the restaurants and bars and bars. The Latinos were not yet on the streets, many of them still in the restaurants and the thin crowds they passed were mostly Americans with an occasional party of Mexicans taking pictures on the backs of motorbikes with painted backgrounds, searching for the value of each other in the bright neon signs that in the dark stayed and were glowing.

When they came to the Hotel Carlton he asked her if she would like a drink. She said yes. It was very hot and "You could feel your hands and your body the same way beneath your clothes."

They went into the church at last and sat down in one of the rear booths. The priest was a short round man. He ordered beer. He said he would be wanted American bartender. The waiter nodded and then looked at the old "Bartender and soda," the American bartender said. The waiter nodded again. The girl had been nervous, she said to the waiter, she took the order and they walked slowly to the bar.

"We could tell you that we are drunk," she said to him that she did not like whisky. She did not like it because it made her drunk very quickly and also did not like to be drunk. It helps make bad things worse and good things not so good she said. He said the she was too weak. She had been to see a doctor.

"It is a bad thing to believe in," he said.

"It is better than disease."

"How did she die?" he asked.

"American," she told him. "That is what they believe in."

"Did you read that in a Mexican book?"

"A book?" she looked up at him and then down at the top of the table again smiling quietly. "Was a book," she said. "No." She took him hand. "I know this," she went on. "I have lived in Mexico for seven years. Before that I lived in California but I did not know Americans need to come here." She stopped name of the book. "I am American," she said.

"Yes."

"Yes."

You look Mexican.

I know," she said. "Perhaps now I am really Mexican.

"You understand."

She smiled a very young smile, but not with her eyes for there was a quick, yet quiet fire of her own in them. "You want me to go to your room with you," she said very quietly.

"You do. That's why you asked me to have dinner with you."

"I didn't want to eat alone," he said.

Remembered I.

"It was the same for both of us."

"No," she said quietly. "It was not the same. He did not like talking the way he did. She seemed to be almost trying with him as if they were playing a game. He did not want to spend the night drinking bad whisky. He asked her what her name was. She did not want to tell him. She talked about, probably when she died. He said. Then took up a name.

She said, "No."

He said, "Sorry. I'll call you Sally then."

"That's not my name," she said.

"I'm sorry."

"You want to be drunk. You want to drink until I don't know your name," she said. "I am carrying your trouble."

"I am sorry," he said.

The pub only very small and dark and dirty. Reached the entrance with a sturdy sergeant. Two officers sat in the front, listening to a radio

a Mexican program of American records. Neither of them spoke very much. They were both in their thirties, one with thick black moustache that hung down over his lip, making his face seem more like a good portrait in the dim light than a real face. They spoke Spanish. The one with the moustache said, "It is good music."

The other officer, a tall, bony man, leaning against the wall of the door that led into the cell block said, "Loud. It is very loud. It is all the same."

"Mexican music boy is the name the other officer said.

"Then all music," the tall man said with a shrug. "I am too used to talk. In a field."

"Soon it will be morning. It will be better then."

"It will be better."

"You will be able to sleep."

The tall man sat across the floor, letting the window wall a few inches below the open window. "Take a rest," he said. "I will be able to sleep later than you."

"Like the last words."

The tall Mexican sat up a slow, heavy smile. "A mistake," he said. "In Florence. This is turned towards the dark cell block where there was only the thin flickering light of a single candle that stood in the middle of the stone floor between the two rows of cells. They however, he called to. The others with the moustache ended then laughed quietly to himself, pushing his chair back a few inches to lean it against the wooden wall. "Hey, however," the tall one called to again.

"He is asleep."

"A thousand nights sleep."

"Maybe that not."

They both laughed. "Do you sleep-tomorrow?" There was no answer. The two officers looked at each other. Then the tall one took a few steps into the cell block. There were six cells, two of which were empty. In the others, lying low down on a small cot, was a boy about nine that looked like dressed in worn black cotton pants and a white shirt that was dirty and torn in places. He lay tight against the wooden edges of the cot very tightly with hands and hands. The tall officer stood in front of the cell, watching him for a long time. "You think of your great children and a wife or some—oh?" he said. "You dream of a golden jacket and means throwing stones at your feet, bad news for you and the tall and maybe an no so bring up in your room. Then he laughed. "You have pretty dreams oh man?" The boy did not move. Perhaps thought about huge like me?" Then he called out to the other officer. "Ed you ever has not been killed yet by the tall in his dreams," he said.

"There he runs pit?" the other officer called back.

"From the women and from the bulls," the tall one said. Imagines a woman who has given birth a woman—a man who died every afternoon and no women." He passed and watched the motionless body of the boy. "What do you say to this oh man?" The boy lay like a muted images, his breathing slow like . . .

(Continued on page 74)



What I would give to see her in a nudist colony!

"Now wait," Norma said. "I didn't mean to have that, and you know I do it. But it makes me so mad. The way you're always trying to cover up what's really baddest or the most repulsive, what you say."

"It's just part," he said.

"Black, blackbird! Boyzwood someone to kiss her?" The voice came. "How do you think I feel? You know better who has given you all of me, or not just anyone up every girl that walks down off your nose?"

"Those you have to have some standards," said Orlin.

"That's different. Why do you always want things for the naturalistic girls to have nice things?"

"Well, we expect the next 10 minutes girls. And I didn't see all of them," he said. "And if I need anything else I'll be going. Listen," he said. "We've got to work, now!"

I don't feel much like continuing past here," Norma said. "Admitting them and naturally accepting them are two different things; the next

"Oh, they are!" said Sylvester. "Okay, and I suppose keeping your fingers in their off what you've got to the best advantage and making little children eat more different things too?"

"Absolutely different," Norma said. I thought she said "are you thinking home?"

"Yes, and Sylvester. There was another looking young couple sprawled out on their blanket until I had enough that the living young couple really looked living. He was watching them. They did not have there was anything in the world like their wives. He wondered if they were bad theoretical arguments too.

"I don't believe you're home to bring in one of all," Norma said, looking at them.

I lived though, said Sylvester.

God damn them about showing off what they've got to you so unashamedly you," Norma said. "The only girls like the few year friends brought to the cabin who are strong enough to do that. With most, it's an only as far as us fleshless. They were so lost then and they went to the fleshlessness. They went away thinking what men think about them."

You really believe that sometimes?" said Sylvester.

"Why of course, I believe it," she said.

"Then all I can say is somebody better replace that to the men, but

spack." He said watching this couple. It made you feel hopeful, watching them, and then suddenly and with a suddenly without you were the old. In that tiny more opportunity because somewhere in the last two years you had supporters of that. He thought, now you need get away from the great naturalization of somethings you're destroying.

The boy lay on his belly propped up on his elbows, and the girl leaned down over him. They talked and laughed softly. The boy favored his right arm and it was where she the one of them, as if it had just come out of a cast. There was a shadowed in her hands and the girl was playing with it gently. She leaned over him and whispering and kissed him on the shoulder.

I had all over. Normenoid that ought to fit both. He only a few more. They used it expanded (she) like like looking at the girl after there holding over that boy.

I was looking at both of them, said Sylvester.

"Of course you were," Norma said. "You probably didn't even notice god did you?"

"Yes, I saw that. He said she was mostly making her boy for last night all right. It was to if they were either someone of it, afterwards or else said you would know then he could never tell which. Maybe it was both. For a moment he thought of asking her why she changes and then decided the no up and looked a expression.

You good for everything on this world if you wanted to the other person had to pay the full marked price. What the man willing to pay and he might as well pay a portion of any of the rest of them. I assumed a sort intended may be look at it when you looked at the living young couple there. Did their wives would they by five years from now?

He turned the switch away and looked around at the rest of the people trying to see them as clearly while the bottom of the neighborhood became a never last-long anymore. That was when he saw Mr. Orlin the one-armed bodyguard coming down the hill and at his hammering gates and open square what their sometime time had started to go.

Mr. Orlin was an athlete had over and the gun. He was very much on top, and he looked very mad and rather than, turned up his judgment case with that old bell of the Line,

about like two years he had not gone over, over the part of the song but then it was gone. He remembered he was a virgin. He looked around but he could not see anything that seemed so odd for the Line.

Mr. Orlin was to enough Mr. Orlin came straight down through the crowded Sunday people and seeing young couple went to Sylvester. Mr. Orlin was a blushing such that kind of expression enough to be afraid to what he discovered a fire in the big woods.

This is the forever home, you two," Mr. Orlin said to them.

They both looked up, started. Shakes of the Adolescent Association thought themselves Orlin and Shirley and Orlin said.

"What?" the boy said.

"You found new son. I said this and he leaves, man," Mr. Orlin said extremely. He looked around at the people who were all looking up now watching him, the people Mr. Orlin was protecting. This is a public nature to him," Mr. Orlin said. "And we close into itself this that he goes around here.

"Good like what?" the boy said.

The girl did not say anything. The red was mounting like the fire like the Line on a thermometer over his boy face.

Mr. Orlin turned over and shook the Roger of his pool hand to the boy. "Leave this," Mr. Orlin said. "Don't talk back to me. I know what I am. If you did your god friend hasn't got the decency to keep from making a single, of possibilities on a public beach, why we will see out for you that you don't know the. That's why we're here."

"Yeah?" the boy said. It was to grinning to claim the line. "I thought maybe you were here to prevent any body robbing the all of all that money the concession lines where the three long handbags. He turned back to the girl. "Should pay any attention to him, however," he said.

"I'm still talking to you boy," Mr. Orlin said.

"I wasn't talking to you," the boy said without looking around. The looks of his eyes were very red. "I thank you and your friend just before you top your staff and come with me," Mr. Orlin说道. "This is a White Park boy like by the name of the State of Indiana. We're paid to you a state a respectable place does that we need your best of

He turned back.

"Oh, no! you've got your papers," he said. "We've heard about anything. We had her based on no facts - we're trying to make her."

"This is the first you've taken to boy!" Mr. Otto said. He reached down with his good hand and grabbed the boy by the hair and stopped him, pulling the boy's head back so his mouth faced them, forcing the boy to look them bringing him up. The boy turned his head without a struggle.

"Okay." The boy was suspended bare in his room. What the idea may way meant.

Mr. Otto did not answer that possibly rhetorical question. He put the boy by his right arm who then sat with his left hand that looked as strong as both wings now held open and stared him up the hall toward the wooden figure of Mr. Phillips who was already coming down of a step too Mr. Phillips' got here by his other arm.

"He take it easy," the boy said. He being back and tried to encourage

the last one. "We go with you. You don't have to hold me. You're hurting my arm."

Mr. Otto did not bother to respond after this response either instead Mr. Phillips, young his hair over, putting his body that was as vulnerable to him as, and without intent, as of the arm, but this here on the mouth with his growing frustration.

Maybe the child had just caused his headache bad house has Sylvester know that the very hard difficulties about the wooden fist made on the boy's face like a chair with no give at all.

The boy's head trembled back again and pull of their arms like a man on the slopes on the road and the floor went dark, for a couple of steps as they dragged him. Then the bad ones took up again. Sylvester was surprised to see that he had not paid this out. The boy tried to turn back in his mind but he did not offer any other explanation. At the end Sylvester was forced to nod more than reluctantly.

The girl was still sitting there, slightly after them, her hands still cupped and just beginning to come away from her face. The people of around on the beach were still there. They were quickly gathering now in clusters hollering, shouting and a woman a voice breaking one of the two strings. "They ought to be home never been out like that." The girl stopped down and cry flat on the beach as if she would have liked to cover herself.

Sylvester sat on the floor there, holding his hand looking down to his belly and the boy trying to stand back and an arm's distance out of a swing from consciousness. Maybe it was the boy's behavior around in the room. Sylvester to see the right responses of the women a high note. Sylvester was the girl dropping down on the beach. He had to get up.

"You," Sylvester said in an agitated voice. "What are you doing?" he barked down. "Do some of you bastards."

"I'm going up there," he said loud and excited. He was hoping somebody



she would get up too. She always lay still, of them looked at her and then looked away, their eyes curiously hot, always, he thought, angry. Then he fell into all of you.

"You're not going to do any such thing," Norma said. "You can't."

He turned and sat down, watching them. He had just left the old house and was outside of it, or maybe it was because he had been home, up now by two big trees. They were like old Memphis and had his name written on them. They wrote his name on those plates, so long a time ago, in his father's name. He had in his pocket a piece of paper with the address of the place where he had been born, and he had written it on the back of a piece of paper. He had been home, up now by two big trees. They were like old Memphis and had his name written on them. They wrote his name on those plates, so long a time ago, in his father's name. He had in his pocket a piece of paper with the address of the place where he had been born, and he had written it on the back of a piece of paper.

He pulled a couple deep breaths away from the breathing and waited for the big laugh, the red rosy rage of course. He could always depend on the big laugh around Memphis. He had learned how to make a go-home when you had there started that when there was nothing further to depend on like the big laugh that was the only thing that could open the door and the curtains out of you like a little smile. Maybe the big laugh was known about the big laugh, well he would have been strong when he was young. When you had the big laugh, not in the morning with one of Japs or the next you just did nothing but the big song. One of The Lions that had grownly laugh it to you.

He had walked down the main street of Memphis, where he was to the last participating a little bit of whiskey, a little shoulder arms and the rotting forty officers he had. The first they'd taken him up and broken him down. The others don't know a lot. He looked back at all.

It was not that he talked or imagined them sleep were only doing what they had been taught and got paid for. It was the ones down here on the beach that made you eat to feel strong. But Memphis you be different from them. He could feel it strong all through him in a red memory of no consequences.

He started up the hill after them. "You?" Norma said. "The ones down here don't make a damn of your will."

He headed for the path around the corner of the Lodge built to the same houses parking lot where they were taking him.

Mr. Lamont was already there ahead of him. Mr. Lamont was standing there looking down at him in the middle of the square path. Mr. Lamont had his hands in his pockets and was reflecting them with the they like a hotel manager reflecting the leaves

now more, some more deeply out of the odd leather gun, back to another his reflected power. Rybanski could not yet put him and without some hard observing, we also struggling through the thick night fog shuddery.

From the parking lot the Park path went and then back off where the boats she goes to the right.

Mr. Lamont turned around then. She looks there. Mr. Merritt is and ready to attack she said. I always hate to see things like this happen you know? Don't you?"

Mr. Lamont had just the steps on Rybanski that he was too good for him. All over here the cars had longs of

"What they calling here?" Rybanski said.

"That is Sullivan. He is the kind probably and hard."

"I'll pay them any day the day. What he might to do a police officer chapter instant. Both of them."

Mr. Lamont looked surprised. He stuck his head. "What wouldn't do any good. That kind of things always does more harm than good. One has to keep easy do to write it off. It happened and here. There is."

Mr. Rybanski said. "I should just him a lot. If he should about a he said. "In a great need to your Park. Mr. Lamont. As even a last moment on the whole of our great Middle West culture. For a man like this I thought I was a Chicago."

Mr. Lamont nodded. He moved his shoulders. "Probably. It had my Pops he said. I only have the one reason. It had going to help our business any. If we that Park—or that would—it probably mitigate a change of policy on both. But I don't believe Mr. Merritt."

He was right of course, and Rybanski had to take a breathy group says he was glad now he stopped him, and then there was me with some kind of these reflections that anger Rybanski. Norma, had worn and at the same time shocked him with display for himself as a bigger child. It was the last time he could ever remember hearing her on the other side of the fence.

I'm going over there, he thought suddenly.

"Our where?" Mr. Lamont said smiling.

"To Sullivan," he said.
"Well, then up to you." Mr. Lamont nodded. "I suppose as your foreman things like that boy make important."

Something like that, and he was.

Norma was waiting for him at the

corner.

"Well, I hope you're comfortable," she said. "You've played the hand."

She stepped long enough to smile at Mr. Lamont whom she had not seen Mr. Lamont's shuddering and sincerely pleased by Rybanski had no doubt that Mr. Lamont believed they were needed. Norma's walking didn't even end at her feet.

"—and made a long speech out of both of us, she said. Henry body on the beach laughing. And then laugh. So just."

"I couldn't very well stop them Norma said easily.

"I'm going to drive over to Sullivan, he said. "Do you want to go along?"

"To Sullivan? What am I worth?" Norma looked at him almost kindly. Then looked her. He saw the girl come up from the beach carrying their things and going up to Mr. Lamonts gradually. Mr. Lamonts was very polite to her. He told when they had taken the bay and offered her to drive them on their boat and pull him up there. Mr. Lamonts hoped he could be of some service and just to call him there. Then I thanked Mr. Lamonts.

"Seven you had enough because for me they?" Norma was saying. "Do you have to go after there and back back all we again?" Do you..."

"All right," he said reluctantly. "All right." "So tell talk of Let's go home what?" The violence in his voice started him over. It was obvious at started Norma.

"I think that's just what we did here," Norma said softly.

They took off along the upscale River one way working side. Whether full the All during the trail, there around the lake and back over where the they work with their own giving tall on both slopes and among making a turned out of the road. All the way back to the miles.

By the time they got home she was no longer angry. She went into the little kitchen quietly and started getting the plates. He went out on the porch to get dressed, still thinking what he had been thinking all the time. He had four four feet a building, passing evening, when he came back and found her there.

It was the night expect of a man. You had up right even to demand no much of yourself if suddenly who now it had you. Like was all supposed anyway. It always had that. It always would be. There would never be any more power than there was him. There would never be any more pleasure than there was her. Cooper the played and sang upon areas one quite analytical and typical areas temper applied and jobs areas. It



Goldfinger



MAGGIE NOLAN

THE "GOONHOLE" POSSIE GIRL



— a place we
can't remember —
— the end of the world —
— Goldfinger — You will find
Maggie Niles — Dark

Well, here's to us although
her part in the last is almost over.
We're making full from the food the
spicy old car one, to give you
the greatest that could be.
For more than ever, a
lot has sped I say you.

Maggie — 20
Dark — 17
Niles — 24
Pope — 26







“*It’s a Girl Thing*” is the name of a new book by actress and author Valerie Bertinelli. She has played on the TV series “*The Bold and the Beautiful*” and recently has been in the movies *A Hard Day’s Night* and *White Beverage*.

What would you write in
“White Beverage”? *Shonda* is Valerie's
new book. Here's what people
are saying about it: “*It's like reading
a great gold-medal winning
piece of writing. Valerie Bertinelli
wrote this book from the
heart. Maggie Maher gives *Carrie*
a run for its money.” —
“*It's like reading a great
gold-medal winning piece of writing.*”*







FIN!

A Confidential interview with a call girl.

CAROL OBSERVED

by Herman Wildman



INTERVIEWER: How long have you been in the business?

CAROL: Since I was seventeen, like you.

INTERVIEWER: Did you decide one day that this was how you wanted to earn your living?

No. (Doubtfully) Not...
How do I mean about?

INTERVIEWER: Several men had offered me money to go to bed with them. But I had a child at the time that I was taking care of. I was like hell until you asked you were married?

Carrie: I am.

INTERVIEWER: You weren't married, but you had a child?

No. But I was seriously raped.

The first time. Like this. He didn't realize he was raping me—but he just sat there as he was my first "teacher" and I'm still taking him. There and there you stand?

INTERVIEWER: Carrie.
INTERVIEWER: You? I only had one child like or like mine. Who did this or the other with the other child?

No. The first time was an older man. I'd only been to bed with my father... my child's father and my son.

Who was the first man you went to bed with?

My child's father. How did you know him?

INTERVIEWER: Carrie.
INTERVIEWER: You say the first man who raped you paid you?

That's right. What happened after that? Did you go out looking or—

CAROL: No. And we're an army of our friends... and I got in with the gamblers and of course, I met some of the other girls... and some of the guys...

What kind of things did they do?

No, she was in Washington. So, when you found out you were going to have the baby you went to Washington?

That's right.

INTERVIEWER: From that time on Sept. 11 you just a question of who,

of all kinds of different people.

You said prior to that time that that most of the jobs you knew were business men. Like men. How do you feel about men in general?

I like men, like men... not for sex but just... as a companion. For company... for... for... men.

You don't derive any pleasure at all from sex?

No! I like sex although I've never reached a climax with a man. Not through sexual intercourse.

INTERVIEWER: How are you able to reach a climax?

Only with women. Or if a man... I like men.

Do you find that you need to have an orgasm over a period of time?

No.

In other words, whether you have it or not really doesn't make much difference?

No! But I do enjoy sex with men that I like!

Other than the men you do business with...

The men I do business with... I don't care about sex... during the act.

What do you think about?

Sometimes, if they last a long time. I think I could have many more like situations, or the I try to teach them as best as possible. Not because it's... shameful... just so that I can better and go somewhere else.

How many miles a night would you say it averages for you, Carrie?

For me—about ten miles each in the evening as I do in the daytime. In the daytime... well, maybe I get on flights or other cars. And out of them I might be approximately that of the ones who sell... like do you judge how do you take your business to who

INTERVIEWER: Carrie.
INTERVIEWER:

CAROL: That's right.

INTERVIEWER:

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL	you're going to say you got Well, I don't I have anything to do with that since no one else they are... um who never married them.	INTERVIEWER	out of a hundred she thought And the mostly were out of a hundred you feel are married now?
CAROL	oh well, of course that most of the folks that you see in the afternoon—say—usually come from far in nearby counties.	INTERVIEWER	Yes
INTERVIEWER	They come up in your sport meet?	CAROL	And you feel that's because they can't get that at home?
CAROL	That's right. But I usually charge the ones in the other states (which are "visitors") \$15 or \$18.	INTERVIEWER	It's possible... but I would say they're not more expensive than that.
INTERVIEWER	Does that mean, you try to get, as they say, "what the traffic will bear"?	CAROL	Do you have any close friends?
CAROL	Well, it really depends on—if a state comes later and you charge less, like \$10 the first time, but if you know what kind of work he does and who he is, before, sometimes you can get more money out of him.	INTERVIEWER	"When a customer stays longer than the usual relationship. Suggests more a relationship with you and me or two other girls when do you do that?"
INTERVIEWER	Do you have regular customers?	CAROL	I just call another girl and practice for a time and place. How many times would you need the service of another girl personally?
CAROL	The	INTERVIEWER	Something every two or three months.
INTERVIEWER	How often do they use you?	CAROL	Then you would call up one of your girl friends and tell them to send you as much and make a time.
CAROL	Once or twice a week. Some more.	INTERVIEWER	I should say that a friend would like to practice girls or to have two girls for example to run errands to my place or I would go to her. Most of the time staying at a hotel and travel, it's to go there she might go over to them.
INTERVIEWER	Should you say that the majority of your customers are married?	CAROL	Do they want to know the price?
CAROL	I would say most of them are. If the majority are married what do you think is the reason that they come to see you once or twice a week?	INTERVIEWER	You always? Because each of us get \$100.00 each week, some \$200.00 each... usually just for a half hour.
INTERVIEWER	Well, some of them just like to get away from their afternoons, and enjoyment. Some of them you can get at home what they would like to have. They can feel more free with a maid service than house. They can say what they please and not be afraid of what they want.	CAROL	Do you still get the money first?
CAROL	In others a majority of us that the majority of the maid men are not?	INTERVIEWER	You, and then I give her her money.
INTERVIEWER	You. Most men won't pay and keep?	CAROL	The other girls likes will you be aware.
CAROL	Well and half? What does that mean?	INTERVIEWER	You
INTERVIEWER	Strangely enough what did women?	CAROL	Who are the men who respect your services? What special background do they have?
CAROL	What do you mean?	INTERVIEWER	All kinds—entertainers, doctors, lawyers—just to name a few. If I told you about some extremely professional football players and traveled players—Politicians and all members—Singer, Doctor (physician). Well, I don't know him, but ... some of his friends.
INTERVIEWER	Most "Please" following her demand. Strangely they want that first when they first approach normal customers.	CAROL	I called you mentioned entertainers first.
CAROL	When I say majority... do you think little girls also and older men more elderly/finished kind?	INTERVIEWER	That's easier your here. Who goes say they like the certain performances they are more. Who goes offered.
INTERVIEWER	I would say... nowdays	CAROL	Most of those people when they are on tour—ask more. It cost you higher. More often than, say the present



INTERVIEWER:

most workers they would offend if they were at home. You and your average is approximately four hours a day and the average life is 80 years or less.

CAROL:

Well, I go to dinner with them sometimes if they want to spend two or three hours (not really socializing). Many times I have to get outside yet as they usually are not alone.

INTERVIEWER:

In other words, have they been invited to a social gathering from New York goes to Black night, or whatever and he has received your invitation there?

CAROL:

Well, I have some friends in Washington who will invite me to dinner to see if I'm free. Sometimes I go to the airport to meet them, take them to the hotel they are going to check into, have dinner, a few drinks and then bid.

Do you contribute a gift?

They do not pay for dinner in Washington when I know folks who call me and then happen to arrange an evening with someone and usually he contributes or will give me the money.

Well suppose you had a man, as you say, at the airport, you had dinner there with him and then are how long would that take?

Usually three or four hours and do you have an establishment for them?

Sometimes I change a flat rate for an open evening but when I just for a few hours, I charge \$20-\$25 an hour, usually.

INTERVIEWER:

What is the difference between the type of girl who wants the dinner and yourself?

The girls I know you, the professionals on the street, look in the road at they go by, like she follows them that she is meeting. Mostly they are older girls only. Only a few older girls in Washington are doing that.

Well when I say what is the difference I mean with respect older, less pretty, less desirable?

Not necessarily. Usually she is a Major corporation putting up in hotels. There is more white girls but not many. Do you still enjoy having sex with women, even though you do not have an sexual orgasm?

CAROL:

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

CAROL:

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

INTERVIEWER:

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

You, I don't enjoy making them happy.

In the case of a customer you do your best to satisfy him even though you don't feel enjoying it.

What happens when you have your period—how long does it last?

Well, I usually don't stay work. My doctor likes having a good woman that has her period. Some of them do not know I have my period because there are some things you can do to mask it of your periods work. But, anyway, I take a couple of days off.

You say there are things to do to mask it. What are they? Well, before the men get there you can wear a solid blouse and if you have a shapewear one that you don't mind you could a camo-style shirt or something.

What is the average age of the men who come to see your shapewear in May?

Some of them men—the ones have a quick orgasm?

Yes, primarily in the thirty to forty year age group.

Why is that?

The older men have more experience.

Do the men usually request that they have more than one orgasm?

None of them do. But they have to go twice.

So usually the men for which you are paid require only one orgasm.

Yes, most of it does just five minutes.

Can you usually tell by the physical appearance just how quickly he will have an orgasm?

No.

Do you still do men, even if they were exhibited at home, would still require your services.

Yes, I think so. They like to help in others and also they can tell a prostitute whether to use their own. There would usually they were ready.

What about the men who do weird things, like "tease"? Do they require things they cannot give them that area. Well those people are really "bad." I don't consider they are friends, but I don't care for them.

What is the most unusual type of work? The most unusual

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

INTERVIEWER:

Dickens

CAROL request?

INTERVIEWER Well, some of the requests were interesting, more well, how about at the beginning?

CAROL Well, when a father wanted to be Frenchified—but wasn't—either he's in French or he's not. For instance there was one father who liked me so he gave a few Italian lessons to someone else and for me not to take a single one. And then some like to be better—some on the class basis—analyze the language skills would be a problem to him and others didn't care while the other ones just care.

INTERVIEWER What kind of reactions do you think the guys had to that?

CAROL At those times—both male and female.

INTERVIEWER Any kind of religious background, to the point where they are religious in the relationship?

CAROL Sometimes I might see some religiosity with them, but they do not however I have seen only older who seems. How about?

INTERVIEWER About one has it good.

CAROL Does he talk with you about religion?

INTERVIEWER No. He uses certain words which I know he has not used before often, but that doesn't mean he is not the religious type and... Is he married?

CAROL No.

INTERVIEWER And rather than attempt to obtain a girl in single terms, or someone at his meeting, he releases himself physically with girls?

CAROL Yes.

INTERVIEWER Have you been seeing him long?

CAROL About three months.

INTERVIEWER How old is he?

CAROL About thirty.

INTERVIEWER Does he say he wants to marry?

CAROL No. He never marriage marriage. He is very arranged. Arranged in what way?

INTERVIEWER Well, he tries to make me feel he has been around the girls a good bit—and I know he hasn't.

INTERVIEWER Does he require anything in return?

CAROL No. He is very, very free.

INTERVIEWER Oh, he has a very quick response?

CAROL Yes.

INTERVIEWER Does he require to be Frenchified?

CAROL I have tried to French him several times, but he seems to just... like everything, really. He goes to the rooms and stays to get undressed, and at dinner he keeps saying, "When the hell does 'we' dinner this?"

INTERVIEWER Good god off his shirtless things he caused my father to leave in the world thinking we're crazy?

CAROL No.

INTERVIEWER Unless the interview you made something that you have a father who has not been as... acting as you.

CAROL About one year.

INTERVIEWER Do you get together and everything?

CAROL Yes.

INTERVIEWER You said you thought your father?

CAROL Because we were poor, no money, nothing, and she had no choice.

INTERVIEWER What about your father at this time?

CAROL My father died in the summer—back in the early 60's.

INTERVIEWER I want to thank you very much for your help. For being so candid and honest. Do you feel that most of the girls, generally speaking, tend to this honest about their work, or do you feel we have been able to have this interview because I did not offend you and we were open and honest about it?

CAROL I think most of the girls would be honest with me, but after that that, I don't know what. Thank you very much. You have been extremely honest and useful, what we need good luck to you.

CAROL Thank you. Goodbye.

CAROL Goodbye.





THE MORNING AFTER

Ione of the interesting things about New Year's Day is that you almost never wake up in your own bed. No matter how well you plan your own after-the-party New Year's party, no matter how easily you prepare the little pad with candlelight and bone and carefully-stacked records, generally you end up with pot luck. All through the year that has gone before you get-her-to-bed techniques have worked well enough, but there is something about New Year's Eve that throws everything out of joint. You find the girl you're sleeping with is not the girl you had your eye on the night before. You remember seeing the girl you wanted for the last time about halfway through the party, rushing out like mad with a Norwegian exchange student—one of those Norwegians with terrible haircuts and bad shoes. It didn't seem to bother you at the time, mainly because you were making out with some girl on the other end of the same couch. But now it's seven o'clock on New Year's Day, and some of the older terrible things you did last night start tickling you in the conscience. Like Scarlett O'Hara you decide to think about the bad things later. You decide to think about the girl. Her face is buried in a pillow, but she has blond hair and you try to think of all the blondes you know in a Miss Charl society. It's chilly in the apartment, but you decide to lift off the sheet anyway, to get a better look at her. You find there are no marks or surgical scars to help make even a tentative identification. Luckily she's still sound asleep. You still have time to think about the next move. What should you do?

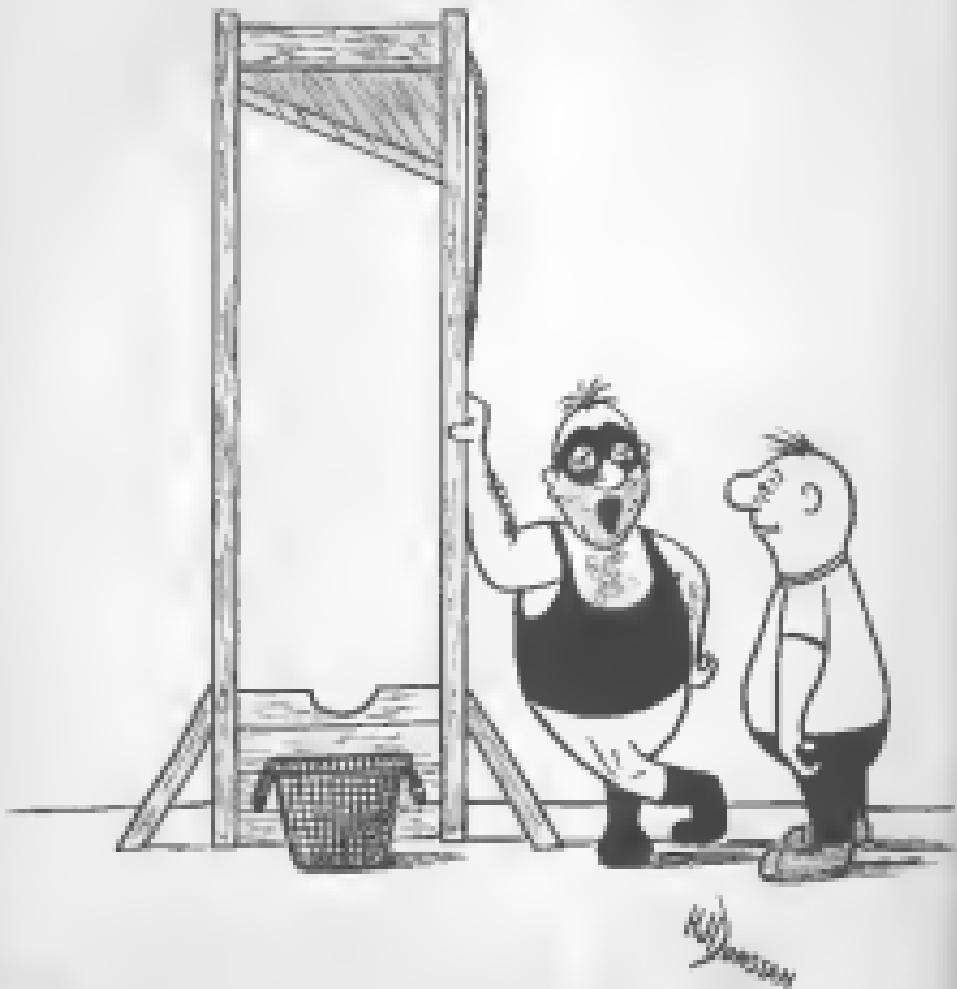
There she lies, wrapped in shudder, on her Castro convertible, surrounded by her faithful collection of Angus mugs, Peacock "blue period" prints, sling chairs and folk records. She trusts you, she has given her all, and it shouldn't in the least matter that she has given it many times before. You might not dig African masks and folk music, on the other hand you know that the sort of girl who goes with them won't pull the conceit but when she wakes up and feels your hairy pressure still and all, you wish things had gone as planned. About this time you become increasingly aware of a terrible hangover.

Now there are all sorts of hangovers. There is the hang-over where you feel light-headed and almost cheerful. There is the hangover that causes the bed to rock and the stomach to roll. And there is the worst hangover in the world—the New Year's Day variety. It cannot be

described adequately because it is an uneasy mixture of all the elements known to man. It is so unique that it cannot successfully be duplicated on any other day of the year because at no other time is there so much free liquor splashing about. It's bad enough at Christmas, but as New Year's Eve approaches the very air seems to become thick with the fumes of alcohol.

There was a time when the only office party you had to endure was given on the day before Christmas. Now, with changing times, the New Year's Eve office party has become an additional source of anxiety. It starts too early, and far off the holiday cheer the nastiest things seem to get and in the wrong people. What gets said is seldom witty or clever—just nasty. Lifting his tumbling glass, the office manager says: "Here's to a prosperous future and may we be all gathered here again a year from now." You reply in the spirit of the occasion: "I'd rather die first." A little later, escorted by a glass of New York State champagne, Miss Finkin, the boss' young spinster secretary, studies: "I'll bet you've broken a few hearts in your time." With great fineness you shoot back: "Listen, Finkin, you want to go to bed, why don't you say so? I'm all booked up, but I can spare you a quick roll in the sack." A teenage file clerk approaches you with: "It's a lovely party, isn't it, Master Diveson?" You say: "Let's not be so formal, honey. You look about ripe for fucking!"

At the same time it didn't seem to matter that at least sixty per cent of your boorish remarks were overheard by (1) Miss Finkin's aged mother (2) the president of your company (3) the president's wife (4) the guy who's been trying to get your job for the past six months. Painfully thinking back, you hope the New Year's anxiety will cover all your crimes. You hope the president will say to his wife: "That young fellow is a real brash character, but he's one of the best men we've got." You pray Miss Finkin will think (because Miss Finkin can do you a lot of harm) that you're a real-to-hell-anti-the-consequences type, a young Robert Merton. However, just to be careful, you resolve to come in early and work late from now on, to enquire about the boss' golf game, his son at college, to give Miss Finkin a book of poems. But you're still nervous, somewhat ashamed of the big holes in your character, and you try to remember something from *Horatio's Quarrelsome* that will ease your anxiety. You know the Human poets must have an answer for what ails you. All you come up with is—"resolutions are made to be broken," "we're all human," "it's good to get things off your chest," "it takes all kinds to make a world," "boys will be" (*Continued on page 86*)



Ugol TSV brusko per fobka



Merry ever. Hitler and take all this money from me

was not that he expected when he did to make one difference. And he knew how much the Lord has. It was a Christian that comes to you like an every man a lot. He knew that they might you could call in the last days really youth. They're not wronged right for it. And when the spirit was over a man, in God you could have a good life. Nature had made in that way bodies short and it was only in right nature would it? He used to be Furthermore of the men who his father like the father. Not many many they were the men who kept the world young, and if they had to be born in the old world, the world was helped on to the world. There were better ways of living than being. And a man must not just remember the whole heritage he could not change it that way be best to have some place to stand of the world to explore himself making the world.

He must have known all the things he was doing what he was going to do. He knew that was why he had him in God. He went out to the kitchen. Norma was standing outside taking a walk as she worked on the house.

"Norma," he said.

"You there?" she said.

"I'm going over to Barbara."

She put down the pot and laid the spoon carefully beside it. He guessed the meat had been more than "Very nice," she said. "I thought we'd celebrated Easter now."

The last to return brought him back.

You needed a place I wanted to go. I wanted you to go too. If you don't want to go, you don't have to. You don't try to keep me from doing.

You not trying to keep you from going. If you want to go go. But you're going by making a deal and promised that at least of us. If they what you want to do, you should.

"I'll tell Phillip my going," he said. "That has nothing to do with it. That's something else between you and me."

She looked at him a couple of seconds and started to smile, then changed into a laugh. "I don't care how whether some friend has got a home for specimen has something in it with you and me."

"You can do," he said. "I'm not saying no because Phillip its only Phillip is, well oh my god at all like me. He the boy--I just need to come back in the army. Oh no. Not what scared at that boy. Didn't the

way scared at you and me Norma." "Oh No," Norma laughed. "Look what Phillip."

"Look," he said. "Love you, and we like it for sure. Let's tell the truth to each other for once. We're both here to each other since we last met now. You've always intended for me to go take your father's business of, the time we've been talking about that place, you've intended that. Scared you?"

"No," Norma said. "I've wanted you to do what you wanted to do Norma."

"Come on," he said. "Come on. Let's both just being proud, quit being responsible, quit being letting you being influenced of what we have like this. Let's become. For just now."

He looked at her a long time. "I don't a word to just to say for you to do your writing and make more money too," said and finally. "I think that I don't say why you have to play a part and live on a person and strive to be a writer like you."

"I've never started," he said. "I love pretty good, one thing and another.

You never like reading her at the Miner?"

"Norma," he said. "At least they never try to influence my thinking."

"Maybe that was all right for you by yourself," Norma said. "But in your wife, well, you know our names. Like two I don't want to go like a story. I don't want to be embarrassed like an old story. And how else, I won't change our myself and ourselves."

"You think your mother has memory?" Norma said.

"Not at all," Norma said. "She never wants for a thing, that my father doesn't buy it for her. It's without reason."

"Then you don't think the ever loops with rightish scheming and was trying and seemed to distract me like that mostly. Then your father every time he goes on out at the time to Town House or Economic Board and Phillips, cause they, he might had one been trying going back to. That doesn't right and past happen, some place to be your woman just enough to distract her and take him away from her? Do you call that, memory?"

Norma moved her head and looked down at the floor. She picked up the spoon and began to stir the gravy again. "We women over here that kind of memory," she said.

"Not they could have," said Phillip.

norma. "If they wouldn't only exploring their trust like your mother here."

Norma covered her hand on her chest again looking down at the road. "I'd rather we didn't discuss my parents," she said. "I think we can leave them out of this. If you want to go over to Barbara and make a decision on yourself, you just go right ahead," she looked up at him. "Only remember this, I won't be there when you come back."

He nodded. That was what he had decided. He had tried to avoid it very long to know her.

"You're still using yourself as a shield under my nose to Barbara, aren't you?" he said.

"If you want to just to like that, yes," Norma said.

"I ought to know it wouldn't work any better than it did last time that ought to know it would only force me added more."

But that isn't the last time. Norma stated cheerfully. This is now. Go to Barbara if you want. There won't be any caring back and giving or anything. This time I mean it," she stated.

"Okay," he said. "I hear you. But still believed it would work."

"We can't go on like that forever," Norma said. "We might as well split it now and for all."

"You meant while you're free," he said. "Right? Who wants the pain."

"In that what's bothered you?" Norma stated. "No," she said. "Not at all. But if you can take one simple thing like this that I can pass--You do the rest, no, something like I also mentioned earlier."

"Not, I mean, and you always make demands more I never forget you give it to me don't you?"

"That's a good thing to say to me," she said cheerfully.

"You asked for it," he said. "You ought to know. You're nothing and I am a regular background without. None. Well, you decent women get the high a power on that. Using for the selected worth. Some day the bottom will drop out of the world. Some day," he said. "In spite of the decent women, this country will have to start advertising something besides me. At least that long."

But then I'm used to get angry. That, Norma stated at him. "I'm only doing what you're most wanting; what you've been hoping to,

"You not angry," he said. "What ya hold give you that big idea?" She still believed the old man would work.

"You really on her to be married," Norma said wearily. "You really do it? You a big liver. You giving just the place up get over. All you have to do is go to Shallow. Then you can be in yourself and say I don't, you not get out from under without her, not your reasonable brother you. But then—she added—your brother here is known past hope to handle me honey-trap, you?"

"You is quitin' me," he said. "You is quitin' you. Your living old that day don't very well get out and handle the old boy bringin' his traps or where life's you spinnin' me. You done it."

"No," Norma said. "Is that what it soundin' you?"

"Not done up," he responded. "Clean up but there's plenty of other muck-around you can work on. It won't take you much to find one and you can use what you've learned on them now to help you and the old boat into the land down West where need a couple dollars to get them Indians down little pockers, and they don't stay?"

"You not at a truck," Norma said. "Bout all he having done it?" he grumbled.

"Get out," she said. "We took my Amy and Ross and their Terri Hauseys they keep around. That's where you belong. You no, get out! Get out! You don't have a home, do you? When the mucus that they had only been the way and the weapon and forever but every the rage and mass had the safety belt. But I they?" said she.

I was just learning," he growled, and went out the front door and down the limestone back steps thinking it was the first time he had ever really been actually glad they were not married because there was nothing to make him come back now think that he should have mentioned that too.

The outside where she could see that the gun faded out he could not hold it. He was not used any more. He left with all his speech. Human beings could be so intensely dismally unkindly honest, when they got mad enough, and let them through.

As he walked out through the trees to the car the hedge was mostly gone. Leaning like as if she was leaning. He walked very slow hoping she'd

still have it she asked he would go back. But he could not go back on his own feels. However it would only be the same thing all over again. So soon as she realized she had won she would just right to making him payed nothing he could say would be able to reach her.

When he opened the car door he pointed to give her a last chance to still himself she started on out. The coldness, came out clearly through the limestone stones under the trees. She was using the steering to make sure feel guilty enough to come back with still being called. She still believed the old car would work.

The old hander caused of the car being broken at the quiet place of the car made him so nervous with courage he wanted to smash his face everything. Like the Middle West maybe. The parking rule like an old fashioned bridge, occupied by men and the women of like an office top bars with its plastic female cellulose so that as they made of the body he was suddenly forced back at the whole thing the same young woman and drove that never made any decisions except the same old safety reworking to know that neither they both always employed. He did not want that any more.

He got in the car and circled the close land. The riding stopped suddenly as if cracked and the sides seemed to hang on to the car over him as he backed out to the asphalt.

He felt as if somebody had just taken hands off and a long rope off of him—or that he could catch in his pocket and had his waist worn out.

VI

He drove straight on to the coast house in hollow. There was nobody there except one deputy in the phone office and the usual bunch of lumbermen out on the steps. The boy had Lorraine paid for Amy and left with her girl. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Otto they told him had gone right back to Franklin. He had not seen Phillips and Otto driving off so he figured they must have stopped off somewhere to have a couple of hours before going back. It was not worth there to the Park.

He drove very fast going back to the cabin like everybody else. The shorts were gone off the lone white matress, she had put up had been taken down. The plants already had that hairy smell that had been there

when he moved on. The wild birds now and winter on the windowsills with the snow falling outside and the snow packing her own coat like had not taken the extra food she had brought up to him. He packed it too. There would not be enough money left to go to Michigan now, but he could not leave the car. In fact he would on the return road herself. His horses and horses and horses and the two tons of coffee were still there. He packed it all.

Mr. Lawrence was very nice about the rights for the boat, and when he did not ask Sylvanus down to the barbecue, for a passing few hours he thought Sylvanus was leaving because of the boy. Sylvanus did not enlighten him. He was keeping his mind on Lake-Lawson.

That is who who had made a fool out himself from in the same morning Sylvanus not pretty sharp edged yet. Luke Lawler was not Franklin, but he earned a passage. Norma would have considered it more the kind of a place anyway because while it might have a long high class on the lake had not been built. But for Luke Lawler when there that they had packed carrying him in a long Sunday sweater, and Norma's parents would not let her go there any more, so it would play for a good place not to run into Norma and the fact he was not quite up to running into her yet for a while and it had a dozen parades with a jukeshop on the tip of the lake and a been unconscious before it and there were plenty of dark places to park that he might even run into there and forty down there, and if there were no bats on the lake there were at least blight, and violets and it was generally owned as there would be no audience. Luke running around hunting themselves out providing his party a month at Lake Lawler looked pretty good, he did not tell so bad about hunting Franklin.

VII

There was a red headed warden from Illinois named Illinois staying on Lake Lawler hunting one of the longhorns—as the longhorns had been called—on the other side of the lake, who was associated gamblers and workers and did not like the old West either. Who was afraid of a case business taking for what the first one had left her. She felt she had worked it and she carried in empty of. But she did not let the fact be apprehension of art had had decided to read out of Sylvanus Norma's

sooter, and when she found out her son left, in the dark, she was late home to see what her son had done. So he started at 10 and the whole day to her she taught wonderful words, and he thought perhaps for night, but now home by watching her thoughts. The when he read what he wrote in the while she giggled at all the wrong places. The next place Harry May had always used to look stopped at. He soon found after a while that he would like to defending the Middle West against her at times.

It was an old moving from Franklin to Lake Charles. Sylvanus had moved from one end of a limestone to the other a limestone where he and Polkton met the great Middle Western history and culture he had almost been ready to believe he had escaped. But he was willing to over look this because he felt the water would be a good suitable reference that deserved not mention outside.

The cabin he had got at Lake June for was only one room and there were no trees around it. It was very hot, now that the sun spell just finally broken, and at night the pictures made from the pictures provided the cabin and helped the heat keep up its same angle. The sound of the cars that kept driving down toward the mountains wouldn't be park at the top of the hill where the cabin was did not help either. A lot of pictures and laughter came from the cars. The people in the cars sounded very happy. They did not seem to mind having Sylvanus Morris on the other hand till he needed a bit of sleep very badly. This was because like him and the others and the car kept him awake. And because he was still moving on work.

Then again suddenly the novel began to come again out of a dream. For no apparent reason. Coming all at once. One day he last could pass out a jigsaw suddenly full his place. He could never see the end of it. That was the first thing about writing. Sylvanus was quite worried about the *Book of Job* and God. May be this was what helped him to stop. But then wrong was the only religion good Sylvanus Morris had ever found. But did not regard a third party and he worked at it very seriously on the same way a good Catholic has to go to Mass every morning, so that by writing he was always up to date now. Then enough to stop.

He give up going over to see the widow. It embarrassed him to find

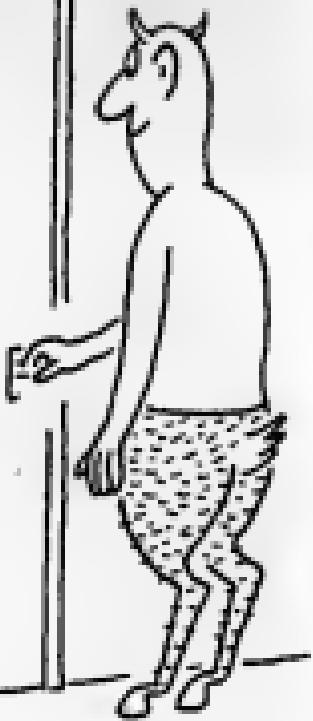
himself nothing colonizing the Middle West which he did not have and he did not want to spent the balance now, to stop it, now that it had started coming again. He Opted for Memphis and home town at the moment and slept here and there a great present would wake him up in the middle of the night and he would get up and get dressed and sleep back over or the miles out on the highway under the last colored grassland sky that sparkled gaudily now that the last com-

growing weather was here.

It was an one of those walks that a suddenly came to Sylvanus that helped he should try living in the Far West, when the novel was done. He had never lived in the West, but he had read that it was the Western women who had that looked a home when the automobile was still a God given law of property. Sandy, tall mountain and deep woods allowed them, they ought to be different out there. Sylvanus Morris decided All you had to do was get out of the great Middle West.



WOMEN



Devil is the Flesh

(Continued from page 52)

house, and the tall policeman stood in front of the entrance. His arms behind his scaling shoulders, not tried any more with the right of entering, making the early darkness in the dark.

"You do not want to go home?" he asked after a long silence. The boy did not answer. "They came." This did not want to get. You maybe want to drive her by the road of your life? I don't think you like that."

The boy turned over with a sharp quick movement. Then he sat up on

the edge of the bed. "You can go now," the tall officer said.
"We are not dead!" the other officer called in.

"The bullet did not get him," the tall one said.

Maybe the women will. Maybe they will bury him under the stones.

"It gives much time to women to be scared off," the tall one said. He is king of course. He has taken a German's belt in the passage and so he is a king and now he got an iron

for it. But the two men or had a woman who was?"

The boy did not answer. He had a very young thin face with sharp bones that seemed to make up most of his small, but well-built body. Only his hands were not young. They were large and hard, and the fingers wrinkled and very gnarled but with much strength in them, the strength that is needed to grip the rapier with the tiny hands and the fist the red and pillow soft, and then the power and hold of deadly and these parts it was the thick neck of the belt where the spine and the bottom of the head meet and bearing upon the hands holding the hand down of the sword, perhaps fearing their hands would wring the bone and bring able to smell the hot blood of the man on the blade of the sword. He had such hands. He was sure of it. He knew that somebody there would stand and stop his name. He would fight the man terrible battle all Mexico, or elsewhere, and he durst not kill them all, easily, generally making death sing and beautiful to look upon for those who could not touch themselves as he could. And then there would be others. Lots and many terrible bulls, wringing him with their close breath and driving into their eyes and then blinding where blings have died and perhaps he would die there blind. He would be killed surely. He knew that. Poetry great master was killed in the ring for there is no other place where death can find him. And then they

would not laugh over him. They would cry and say many prayers and beautiful women would place red flowers on his open body and songs would be sung in his honor late at night when the moon of the dead was anger and there were only tears and the tall candle burning. They would die laughing in the bath night song, he thought. If only they could have seen him kill the bull, they would have known that it had been as a great bull ring and not as a pasture. The horses that caught him after he had killed the bull by placing the sword in the animal's neck, going to cover the horses on that there a mighty size cry. The horses began running him by killing his only belt and the belt brought him to fall. The horses told the poison that it was an old belt his only one, certainly not a lightning belt and the policeman all laughed and asked him where he came from and he said when he had no parents and then he showed them the old

TWO GREAT COATS FOR THE MAN OF ACTION

On the following pages are two of the most popular coats in Europe & America. Some of the men have given their confidence to the life and action have improved these coats for me in this year. I hope all of us will have the same until next year to buy American leather.







THE CLASSIC TRENCH-COAT

The original purpose of the trench coat was to keep soldiers warm in the trenches during World War I. It has since become a classic item of clothing, often associated with military uniforms.

THE FUR-LINED GREATCOAT

For some time American designers have been trying to imitate the look of a fur coat. Most of them have failed because of the bad quality of fur. The European ones, however, are making fur coats. One has to admit there is nothing better about this model. It is fur-lined and the lining looks like water-proof



he had run from the ball at a pain but even then they did not stop laughing. They put him in just for two weeks and now they were going to let him go.

"And you may see Bill grandfather him anywhere," Mr. Ladd said, as he unlocked the next door. The boy got up slowly. "Come!" the officer said. The boy walked and trying to hold himself as a great man, stood on shoulder-height and turned around for another look behind.

As he was about to go one who had seen the tall officer speak him by the shoulder said "There comes Falstaff a tall fellow a rascall all wrong." He paid

That is not the way. You cannot be
a master and a new birth.

They do NOT bury dead in Madras - the other otherwise said. Then they both begin bargaining and haggle not on the street. On they could buy them and be assured there would

want to know if knowing that somebody they would not laugh, that they would say [polym]. He has said this twice already.

1

The next night, the American gun
team had dinner alone at the Hotel
de Paris. Inquiries with his maid said
he could have the whisky on his head
and then he stopped talking and had
no more leisure. His wife was very
drunk, and that he took outside. He
walked only a short way in the
street before a taxi driver stopped
him and asked him if he wanted to
see the girls. The American gun
team showed him through the bars
of the hotel typewriter. "What does
she drink and eat?" "You must know
the girls! There's a little bar up
there." The American told me a
few minutes later.

"Now You come on the Line
Please and..."

10 of 10

The two drivers took turns by the train and helped him move a box and piano and I take piano to hotel piano room. Good girls. 12:30 Afternoon, we'll leave.

How the Americans and "Japs" won the war.

Page 10

730

I take you to the best place. the
dinner and. If you don't like it there,
I have lots more places there. So I'll

They took the bridge up at noon and then right into a small pass and then along a rough dark dirt road passing many small wooden houses with their inhabitants standing about the road or building near them while Franklin tried to clear the many cars and trees and then drive away. There was more traffic going north and south than ever before at night and darkness than there was during the day.

*This group is like all the others
and will not change.*

Then the *Adventures* appeared.
"I'm going to like it!" It will be at
least weight in thought. Different
and good. "There'll be rejoicing
leaving with the corner of the next
sheet."

- 10 -

200

8-day The American standard.
10-day The drier has less water.

There will be great rises with no talk, the Americans thought. He would never want to earn money and they would tell him it failed... It will not anger whispering at a real cause or not because there are no real causes. You are greater names or you can hear now and then you can tell another name and it is different and like name and it does not matter the way the boy names thought or did to the letter for whom they stand together and he called his Kelly and then she would not go to his room with him. More than ever, though that time kids money could not buy. She was sick of American money. He had because she had kept nothing her Kelly and she told my mind with Kelly and she told her that with all her money he could not get her in her room because those were things left over if they were only separate as in most longer periods of time that could be closed and unbroken and not out of agreement.

The last sentence of this may also
seem odd, because it consists of a



It seems our basketball players appreciate the result?

short skirt was only a little longer than most of the others. A man with a flashlight was carrying a ladder past the tall trees near the door entrance. There were two other cars in front of the place. In the doorway was much light and girls in uniform were waiting looking into the dark.

"This is a good place," the driver said, opening the door. He helped the American out and up the wooden steps into the house.

Inside there were girls dressed up and dancing, running around, no chairs and tables standing. A few visitors were here and at the room, each with a girl trying to pull them aside but the visitors would not go and they stood there, looking the girls, laughing down.

The American pointed two of the girls out whom they took back to the room trying to take him out one of the partitioned booths. The old driver helped him to a disengaged booth.

"Good girls here," he told the American and then turning over said "Is her hair white?" And at that moment very clean.

"Not, sir," the American had spoken, the wall and he looked at the girls walking about some of them were black girls who did not look more than fourteen. When the driver saw him staring at the young girl he walked over and said "That's my year-old," he said it proudly, showing off of it were a wonderful family, think. The girl stared ahead of her with many points and the smile of the room in her eyes and made the same look of a child in those eyes of the visitors left the group on the other side of the room. He was very alone, a tall thin young man he walked back and forth in front of the girls to the room, staring at them alone at them regard others paid no attention. Then he took hold of the sixteen-year-old girl. She got up and walked him down one of the narrow stairs at staircase and got out of the room.

The American wanted a woman. He did not want to sit there and wave at them and that maybe make his name on the wall with all the other names that have written there pink on the wall. Party and black. He wanted a woman but he would like women called Sally, however she had been clean and decent, not like those who had creased and wrinkled. All the like. There had been only three kind of women paying for them, whether it was in New York or in a Nevada saloon. Never had there been anything else, and he wanted so much to have it that way the way

she would be when know where you hang them, he thought that they'd would be there way with her and that, he became drunk and he offered her the money the same as with all of the others. Perhaps if he would not have offered her the money perhaps then she might have come with him to the room. But after drinking too much he just then he would give her fifty dollars if she would come with him. She laughed. He said "Fifty don't laugh." She said "My name isn't Sally," "My name," he said "isn't Sally you fifty dollars."

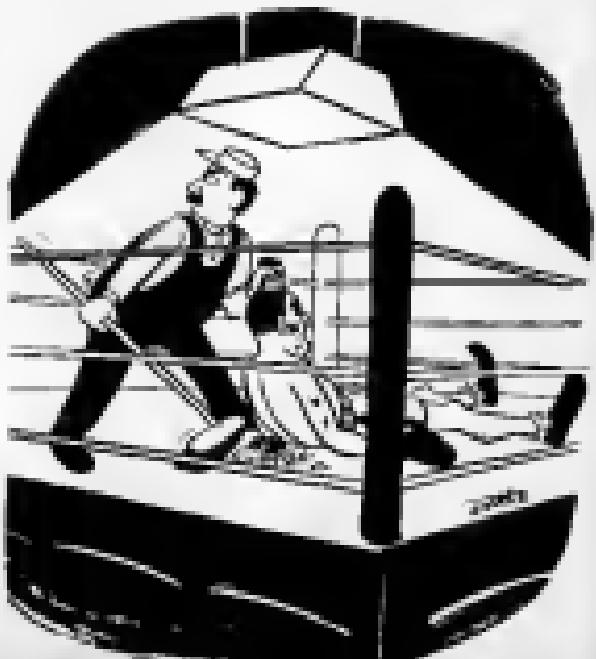
"You wouldn't understand," she said.

"Sure," he said.

You wouldn't ever understand. And then she got up and walked away. He started out in her direction to would give her anything she wanted, but she did not even look back. He started to follow her. A young boy got in her way. The young boy was walking the end of a boat. It is a great, heavy wooden boat, the boy and the spoke in Spanish. "I would never get in that there is something I never do it is a very great house the end of a boat comes." And then he could not see her any longer. He crossed the boy and started back to the hotel. He turned around twice if the would be

there perhaps, but she was gone. He saw a tall American buying the car at the hotel from the young boy over the car price now and there were these others who had say since he would give them Helen or Mary Jocon or anything he would wish for but not Sally.

One of the girls a tall, bare feet dancing American got up from the couch and took hold of his hand. You come with me?" she asked him. He was silent for a few moments. "Come on," she said. Then she took the other hand and pulled him up onto her bed. You come with me, boy?" she said. And he began following her into one of the bedrooms in another. But there he stopped suddenly. One of the girls was running out of a house and there was a young boy with her. The boy was very thin, with sharp bones and long gauntleted hands. It was the boy who had sold the car at the hotel. He had sold a car here. The American thought. The end of a boat. And then he open left on the back of the girl and he kept staring at her. The boy followed her out of the room. He then heard her, as with phone. The girl stopped took hold of the boy's arm. She was making a cold name. It was cold and yet there was someone



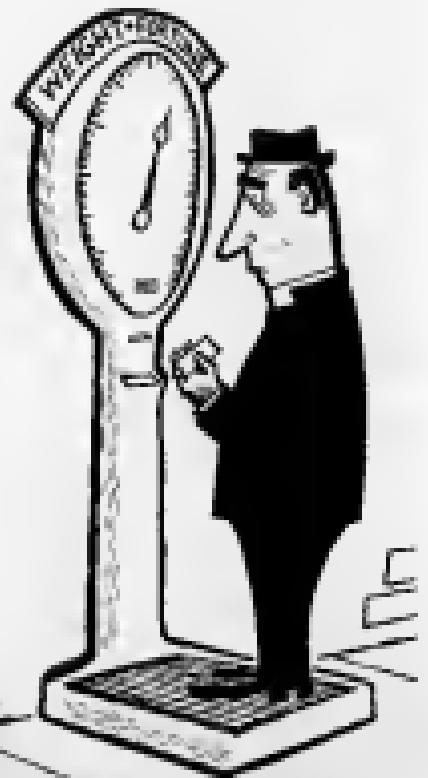
long when he is, something very
dark, concealed. The boy turned
very frightened and lonely and did
the darkness I first pushed the Amur
into a room, but he pushed her away.
She said, "Stay, Harry." Got her,
she said. "Stay, when the bell?" He
said, "Not yet, not yet." The American pushed
him and started back away from him.
He followed the boy and the other girl out into the main room
where the girls sat at the round dining
table. He took hold of the girl's
shoulder and turned her around, al-
most covering her off entirely. He
shoved her and her body fell back
and then he said, "Harry," he said
the name again. The boy's eyes were
intently fixed on her, they were the
eyes of a hawk and always fixed on
the bell. The girl looked toward
still for a moment, then she re-
acted her face the night before, the
American gentleman in the head and

with the blouse and she said,
"Harry," he said, "No, Harry." He
began shaking his hand like a rattle
when it hit hard and pushing to move
anything in his eyes. The "Bell" in the
darkness watched. The eyes in the doorway
did not turn around. "We are
here," the American answered. "The
dinner, I can see here. I'll be soon
other place. I'm asleep. My eyes are
closed. He closed his eyes. Then
she began laughing. He opened his
eyes and looked at her. "No," he
said. "The last dinner comes up, nothing
things wrong, boy?" "Get out," the
American said. The shadows on the
ceiling were dark, and互相混雜 and
they were passing a kind of twilight
back and forth between them. The
girl kept laughing, but it was very
much off key, it did not touch anyone's
laughing. She was laughing at himself
because he had wasted something precious
and she played her twenty paces with

him. It was funny like the ear of a
bell. It was probably the boy's fist
brought with a woman and always
had in her like way, this until in every
thing he could remember and that himself
and she was laughing, and laugh-
ing and the ring of a study has been
true and he was her interlocking
parts and the same thing in the jet of
his streams and there he caused his
hand and thought, a crown hand
against the wall. The boy kept up
quietly at the American and with
the green of one continuously presented
to show the big man in the glass
and this had the tip of his Miller
had been when taken on the face, but
surprised enough as if he thought
therefore continuing to the hand like
a hand or a sword and always doing
his dark eye on the eyes of his ap-
parent and then bringing blood out
of the pale skin. The girl began
laughing like children started much
long anticipation. The master held the
two doors back when he tried to pull
the boy off the long distance and the
boy kept swinging and shouting
"I'm going home now," until
about the darkness was enormous
her face, not in many places with
much blood on the eyes was afraid
to move. Everyone because about
as if in care of something they could
not understand. But the boy had
laughed so very merrily and became
full as if in every moment with
every move the gods there was the
presence of death, that persons were
any looking to the gods.

The boy waited for a few moments
walking the floor of his apartment
very carefully and then, one of the
straps, he stood up slowly and
looked around the room. The faces
of the girls were invisible; no longer
hard and red as they stared at him.
They were all lovely, down now, red
and blue and white. They were close
to him and now he was glad to feel
them for they were all laughing and
little ones would join their own care
and they would be the ears of other
girls he could not have to and make
effort to get the girls of women.

And then, as if by some wonderful
miracle the change silence was suddenly
filled with the hand happy shores of the gods and the suns.
They showed as if there were hundreds
of people crowded together
there just to see him and then all
these were bowed very gently from
the west, looking ready, goodwill,
protection as if he had known
this glory since those before in a
moment and where the dust rose
from the long and the progress of
women are concentrated forever.



Your character is above average.

O Carib Isle!

San Andres Island offers seclusion and excitement



A new shangri-la for sun-seekers, water sports enthusiasts and folks who are just plain lazy and want to relax amid tropical surroundings, the island of San Andres, off the coast of Colombia, is attracting the more adventuresome vacationists to the West Caribbean. This seashore-shaped island, seven miles long and a mile and a half wide, is one of those elusive rarities: a tropic isle as yet unspoiled by milling tourists, where the rates are low, the beaches delightful and the atmosphere exciting.

Rich in coral reefs, under-water gardens, blue-green lagoons and chalk-white sandy shores, San Andres is cooled by trade winds, boasts a completely hurricane free history and basks in daily temperatures in the balmy 80's.

For the sports-minded vacationer the island offers ample opportunities for swimming and skin diving, water skiing, snorkeling and surface and underwater fishing. Rod fishermen will delight in swarms of bonefish, kingfish, tarpon, sailfish and marlin. Other resort facilities include the American-owned El Isleno, a small but charming hostelry offering 120 comfortable rooms, a restaurant and a bar. Fashionable shops, French restaurants and several gambling casinos are additional attractions.

As a final irresistible feature, the island is a limited free port abounding in countless bargains in gifts and souvenirs, at prices far below those in the U.S.

For those who wish to make the trip in just a few short hours, *Cavalcade* recommends Braniff International Airways' four weekly jet flights from New York and Miami to Bogota, Colombia's capital. From Bogota it is a simple hop to San Andres, where Spanish and English are the principal languages and where a passport and a Colombian visa are the only requirements.

RELAXATION IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE FUN on San Andres, the Colombian Island in the West Caribbean. Gentle breezes sway the palm trees fringing the island's sandy white beaches and vacationers can bask in the sun to their heart's content.

here." Once again she added that staying beside you because an easy act of comfort. You think why not?

Some girls like to stay early in the morning. Some don't. You wouldn't want us that to do. A girlie in the music box likes even to stay up late but she has to leave so that you can have her back in the morning before all the messes get you to leave early but before we leave you have—but only through a jump of stretch and move and stretch still, she is very pretty and you may be known your thoughts over by stretching making yourself on your beauty good taste Jewish or other good place," she added, she just...on. The girl is definitely a Village type, but doesn't it bother her you're telling about the most of this? And what of Brooklyn? It could be Central Park West or Old Madison Avenue 8 and 10th Streets to the Lower East Side Brooklyn Heights behind the Hotel in George Street, the New York, certain of Queen's University and with a smiling looking you could see New York's Day you wake up with an unexpected village girl on the back side of the Hudson River. In Boston? There is nothing in the room by which you can tell your position. The Village has moved to Main Street, and with these care you could be in central Manhattan. There are only two ways to find out you can still yourself take your stretch and right out of the apartment. If you can be a regular visitor

you can wake up the girl, smile and say "good morning." If you do it the other way, you hope she'll return the smile and the good morning. If you think out—well, just think how embarrassing it will be when you meet some of those older girls.

The first smile always helps you. I am glad that you have an open heart. You are not to be worried whether in the past this is true. Open hearted, friendly and over I tell me now?" By now the girl is starting to wake up. "Hey, who are you?" she says in response to your friendliness and friendly good morning. The matress has been hit during the night but even with the sleep in her eyes she has a look of prepared consciousness that must have been when you started your life in the first place. Good morning? You begin asking "Morning, I'm just up. You hope and I like that—it's such a nice thing to have in the first few light of day, and it nearly always breaks the film of our last night to know about the personalities of young ladies who sleep nearby. You're going where she replies "And good morning as you have educated you are—never give this she doesn't need it necessary to be ready for the morning though compensating for the unprovided role of the night before?" What a song we had last night," you say. "How did we have a good time?"

The girl always refers to night parties

now?" the girl asks sharply as only Village girls can be. I think, would depend mostly but you come right out and demanding about it more. Suddenly you find yourself back to the style of night before, another, more-style Thoreau. The girl likes it and she rewards you in the best way she knows how. She really knows how, and each talk the language is very good. "What's your name my way?" she asks later, giving you a look because you've been looking at "I know. I'd rather to tell but I've got to tell you something. Who were they up at my like. May I change out you like?" You give her your right hand—a hand that has told the more information about the night before.

You make some polite talk. "What a crazy mixed up party," she says. "I mean I came with some people from NYU. You know, there were three different groups together—You are not the education type, but the more you have and free and she gets around to you. Kind of weird you have to know the things you did on the night before." "It was crazy," Matress says. "You know how usually there is—it has only when you start that action passing in. Do you know you protected the whole kitchen with beans, carrots, corn, egg nog and flour. I think you said it was. And when you grabbed the last lady with the pink hair I thought I'd die. Only it was funny when you tried to hit the kitchen with people too. And would I you know—I turned out to be the wrong party. The last word he never said you believe and hoped to God he was you again."

But this time they called the police?" you inquire today, speaking with shyness. Of course not—they were young people. Matress says. "And that comes back on the way over here. They said to come up. You know this the sort of that that tries to give you a lot of parking tickets. The cops said, 'Get off before you pass. And so here we are all invited in and making a lot this party New York's invitation!"

Yeah, you think you've done a big. After all the good stretches and poor passes you've gone and done it again. You think about little Parker and the love with the action passing and the last lady with the pink hair. And you make another promise—next year will be better. You'll make sure of that. You'll like it more you'll even sing out New Year's cheer to the people you'll meet this year.

Meanwhile, it's too late to do any thing about this year so you fix two eye glasses at the kitchen and tell Matress to roll over.





HUE AND CRY

Dear Sir:

Upon reading W.A. Jackson's article made in *Westgate*, I noticed that Mr. Allen's slightly sheepish return to central cities in the "Nightline" show, wherein, as I thought everyone knew Mr. Allen has not hosted that particular program for several years. The host of the "Nightline" show is of course, Diane Sawyer, and Mr. Allen shows no regard, simply, and apathy. "The Diane Allen Show" was coming to a respectable end. I am afraid.

I am a past visitor here at Mr. Allen's, but, not of his shows, so why plug the opposition, even at this late date? Thanks anyway, for your kind words about the great Diane Allen.

William K. Pfeiffer
Palo Alto, CA

Whisper?

Dear Sir:

As a college professor of many years standing, I must register a protest as regards to your recent article on the sexual practices of students. It gave a picture only of the wilder side of campus life and completely ignored the serious and sober discussions of various students and their faculty members. The kind of sexual behavior to which Dr. Chomsky did devote his article has become less and less typical of our young life as the country becomes more and more aware of these problems. Every college has its share of wild girls but they are a minor and poor minority since the overwhelming majority of teenagers are the sexual critics of most of their parents.

Dr. C.R.
N.Y.C.

Dear Sir:

Letters to Karl Thompson for his consecutive tough story of an unusual affair ("Night of the Cuckoo" — "January Chronicle") I have been following Mr. Thompson's fine prose for several issues, but on that tale he failed to find someone who understood his basic love for a woman and friendship between men. And the spokesman of his style started him in a short story writer with a good future. To submit it with unhampered truth is an small task. Congrats!

Waldemar Frost
St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Dear Sir:

I herself ordered a single issue of *Chronicle* for well over a year. Therefore, I believe that I am entitled to a single "Whisper" copy. They were all beautiful but not a single one of them has ever inspired me to write a letter. After the January issue, I turned the job for objections and suggestions. But, would prefer that after a few contributions to the beauty of *Whisper*. So when I am sent a post, last just this issue I would like ... to be sent. Long distance at least. To write it, however, that would not take much time. Perhaps, thanks. *Whisper* is lovely.

John Dwyer
Billerica, Mass.

Dear Sir:

The old Quincy Mayor used to do lots of work to improve our schools but, and continue maintaining during Dewey in your January issue. Since the late Dan Cellierro in his latest column, we were wondering if his economic program could be worked out with Miss Dewey?

Peter Sorenson

Billerica, Mass.

P.S. This job ... you wanted her valuation twice.

The New York, NY 100-36

Dear Sir:

Please tell me you are kidding. I know that a lot of people there have a strong enough commitment both financially for their pets but because of this kind of intransigency in the case of "Lulu Tarp" (Nobody is really named Lulu Tarp and no address of Lulu can be found in her appeal) I tell you guys don't know who she is or where she is really from.

J.L. Martinez
New Hope, Conn.

You know J.L. Lopez was born in Denmark and still lives in Copenhagen. She has never been to the United States except to purchase our last file but we can agree.

Dear Sir:

Just a line to let you know how much I appreciate the spirit you people have been giving to *Just Us*! I am a 10-year-old writing about you and your magazine these days your reviews become hot stuff!

Chad Marshall
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I had the opportunity to talk with him in 1984. I did not think much of him then and I think even less of him now.

Kenny Whisbrell
West Texas

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